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ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

Payable in Advance

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THE GRAIL, a popular Eucharistic monthly, with episcopal approbation, is edited and published by the Benedictine Fathers of St. Meinrad, Indiana.

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The price per copy is 20 cents; \$2.00 per year, payable in advance. Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign, 50 cents additional.

Address all literary contributions, notices, for insertion in the magazine, etc., to EDITOR THE GRAIL. Address all business letters pertaining to subscriptions, change of address, advertising, etc., to THE ABBEY PRESS, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Make all checks, drafts, postal and express money orders payable to THE ABBEY PRESS. Do not use

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Entered as second-class matter, May, 23, 1919, at the Post Office at St. Meinrad, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 5, 1919.

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES. Subscribers to THE GRAIL are benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey. On each day of the year a High Mass is offered up for our benefactors. In November a Requiem is offered up for deceased benefactors.

DONATIONS FOR POOR STUDENTS

We have opened four Scholarships for the benefit of poor young men who are studying for the priesthood at St. Meinrad Seminary. A Scholarship or Burse of \$5,000 is a perpetual fund, the interest of which is sufficient to pay for the board and tuition of one student throughout the entire course of his studies. When one has completed his course, another can take his place, then a third, and so on indefinitely. Give what you can and when you can.

MOTHER OF GOD SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$460.62. Mrs. J. Schuster, Pa., \$1. Total: \$461.62.

ST. JOSEPH SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$492.02. H. Schmitt, Ky., \$5. Total: \$497.02.

ST. BENEDICT SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$361.30. M. Egan, Ind., \$10. Total: \$371.30.

ST. ANTHONY SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$371.25. A. Bremer, Pa., \$5; N. N., Calif., \$1; J. Strassel, N. Y., \$5; J. Pfeiffer, Ky., \$1. Total: \$383.25.

Address all letters and communications to

THE ABBEY PRESS

St. Meinrad, Indiana.

c/o REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B.

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GRAIL BUILDING FUND

THE GRAIL needs a fire-proof building in which to carry on its mission, therefore we have opened a "building fund" to solicit the aid of our friends. All con-

tributions towards this fund, whether great or small, will be most welcome.

Previously acknowledged: \$111.23. F. Meyer, Troy, Ind., \$2. Total: \$113.23.

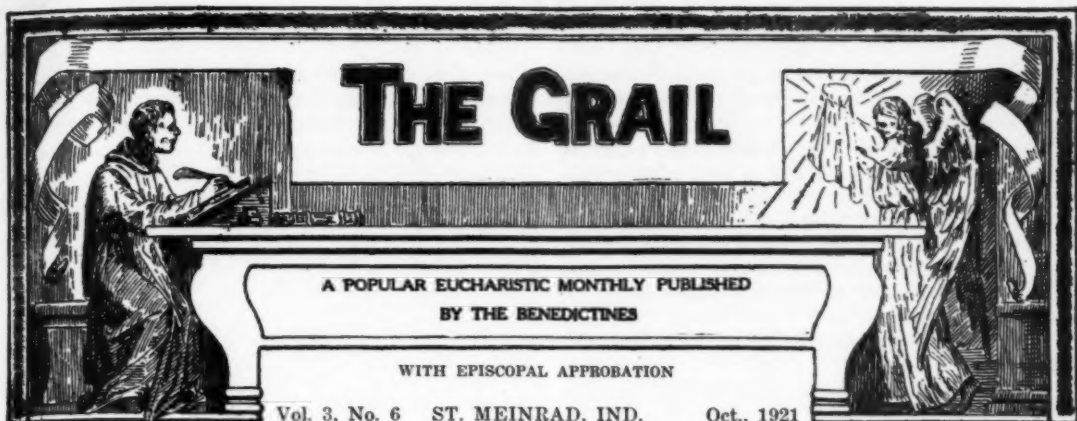
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(Fr. Fuchs)

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THANKSGIVING

F. Meyer, of Troy, Ind., wishes through THE GRAIL to make public thanksgiving for favors obtained by the use of St. Benedict's Medal and holy water.



The International Eucharistic League

THE GRAIL is the official organ—for the United States—of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF THE HOLY GHOST FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM, that is, for union and harmony among all the Catholics of the whole world, for the return to the Faith of all our separated brethren, and for the conversion of all non-Christians—who number nearly three-fourths of the whole human race.

To accomplish this threefold object, the League proposes that those who take the first degree shall make a brief morning offering each day, attend Mass and receive Holy Communion once a week for this intention; that those who take the second degree shall make the daily offering, attend Mass and receive Holy Communion once a month for the same intention, while those who take the third degree are expected to offer up three Masses and Holy Communions each year, likewise for the same intention.

For membership in the League, apply to the director, Rev. Benedict Brown, O. S. B., Editor of THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana, U. S. A.

To those who want to know how much it costs to join the League, we would say that it does not cost anything, but a small alms is requested to help defray the expense of printing, postage, etc. Send in your name at once. Affiliate now.

An Irish Mother's Rosary

Fidelity to the Rosary has saved many a soul from eternal death, it has snatched many another from the very jaws of hell. In a neighboring state a young man lay at the point of death. He lived far from the priest, literally speaking, and he had not been to his duties for a long time. Because of some trouble with the pastor he had become lax. Now he was about to die. A message was sent to the nearest priest, who came by the first train. But, upon his arrival at the house, he was told that death had already claimed its victim and that the undertaker would soon come for the corpse. Going into the death chamber, the priest removed the sheet that covered the dead man and laid his hand upon the forehead of the body. He was not a little startled, however, to see the eyes of the seemingly dead man open and stare at him.

"Do you know why I have come, Jim?" asked the priest after a moment.

"Yes, Father, I know why you have come—to hear my confession. They had me but they had to let me go."

"What had you, Jim?"

"The beast with a man's head, Father. He was on the bed and around the bed, but he had to let me go."

Undoubtedly the young man was in the throes of death and the evil spirit was there to drag him down to the infernal regions. What prevented him from carrying out his wicked designs? A good old Irish mother had been constantly telling her heads for the conversion of her wayward boy, and her prayer was answered.

Before he left the sick man, the priest gave him holy Viaticum and anointed him. A soul had been snatched from the clutches of the evil one. The body of the patient yielded to the remedies of the physician and the sick man returned to good health.

Let this incident inspire you with greater confidence in the goodness and mercy of God and in the powerful intercession of the Queen of the most holy Rosary. Honor Mary especially during the month of October, the month of the most Holy Rosary, by the devout

recital of your rosary. Make it your daily practice thus to honor Mary. Your salvation may depend upon it.

What prayer could be more beautiful and effective than the rosary? The Apostles' Creed, with which you begin, is attributed to the Apostles; the Our Father was taught to the Apostles by the Savior Himself; the Hail Mary was spoken to Mary by the Angel Gabriel when he came to announce to her that she had been chosen the Mother of God; the Holy Mary is a petition of the Church; the Glory be to the Father is a tribute of praise that the Church offers to the most Holy Trinity.

Love the rosary; carry it on your person; recite it with devotion.

The Sterling-Towner Bill

Friends and promoters of the defunct Smith-Towner bill, which, owing to vigorous protests from all quarters, died hard, are making a strenuous effort to resuscitate the measure "in a slightly emasculated form" as the Sterling-Towner bill. In a recent letter, Archbishop Shaw, of New Orleans, concludes with the following paragraphs that are well worth repeating and considering:

"Again, as Americans we protest against the superfluous luxury of a federal department of education, because such a bureau, besides being radically foreign to the Constitution, would provide a soft berth for some political favorite with authority to surround himself with an army of henchmen *a la prohibition regime*. This autocrat would undoubtedly claim infallibility in his dogmatic utterances regarding the qualifications of the teachers of young America, the curriculum of studies, the character of the text books, and the expediency or in expediency of denominational schools. The prospect of such educational tyranny is positively appalling.

"As Catholics we strenuously object to the Sterling-Towner bill, as we have reason to believe that such a measure would eventually mean the denial of the Church's right to establish parochial schools on the specious pretext that they are inefficient, subversive of true Americanism and destructive of patriotism. Of course, in dealing with the autocrats of national education, who will be invariably of another faith, or of no faith, who cannot or will not grasp Catholic educational ideals as the safeguards of the purest patriotism, it will profit us little to point out the unsolicited and varied testimony of distinguished educators of other creeds as to the efficiency of our schools in secular education. Already prejudiced because of our faith, the glorious record of our soldier boys all through the nation's history, and particularly in the late war, will count for naught in proof of the Church's claim to be a competent teacher of all that makes for true Americanism and genuine patriotism. The irresponsible word of an autocrat may spell the ruin of our

schools that have been the fruit of the heroic sacrifices of our people for their religious convictions, whose slogan is: 'Every Catholic Child in a Catholic School.'"

Have We Guardian Angels

We are accustomed to speak to children about their Guardian Angels and teach them to pray to their good angels, but do we apply the same practice to ourselves? Do we honor and venerate our Guardian Angel? Do we ever think of him or pray to him?

That we have angels over us is a doctrine of the Church based upon the Scriptures. To take only several instances, the Psalmist says: "He hath given his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." (Ps. 90:2.) "Are they (that is, the angels) not," asks St. Paul in his letter to the Hebrews (1:14), "all ministering spirits, sent to minister to them, who shall receive the inheritance of salvation?" Does not the Apostle here plainly indicate that those who shall be saved shall attain to salvation through the ministry of God's holy angels? And again, our Divine Savior says: "See that you despise not one of these little ones: for I say to you, that their angels in heaven always see the face of my Father who is in heaven." (Matth. 18:10.)

In His infinite goodness, then, God not only fashioned our body out of clay, and created an immortal soul within us, but He also gave us in our Guardian Angel a life companion and protector, invisible it is true, to guide us on the path of virtue and to guard us against the attacks of the enemy of our salvation. Our Guardian Angel fills us with good thoughts and desires besides interesting himself in innumerable other ways in our behalf.

Not all the angels that God created remained faithful. Seeing their great splendor and perceiving their other perfections, multitudes of these spirits, puffed up with pride, refused obedience to the Creator who had given them being. In punishment of their disobedience He cast them down into the abyss of hell to lament and bewail their folly throughout eternity. These rebellious angels are the bad spirits or demons that are forever suggesting evil things to us in their endeavor to draw us down to share their unhappy lot. With what success they meet we see from the fact that so many men, yes, the vast majority, listen to these tempters and do the evil that they suggest. Just open your eyes and see what takes place all around you: disobedience to the laws of God and to all constituted authority, profanity, immorality, divorce, murder, and all the other crimes that are comprehended in the decalog. Every sin committed is evidence of hearkening to the evil spirit, the tempter. Out of envy all hell strives to make us fall into sin so as to precipitate us also into endless misery and thus, if possible, thwart the designs of God.

Many saints and other holy persons have been so intimate and familiar terms with their guardian angels. St. Frances of Rome saw her angel and con-

versed with him. At times he would severely reprimand her. The sainted mystic, Catherine Emmerich, likewise enjoyed great familiarity with her angel. Gemma Galgani of our own times was also privileged with the visible presence of her angel with whom she would converse as with an ordinary mortal.

We may not have attained to such a degree of intimacy with our good angel, but we can at least make an earnest effort to remember his continual presence, to beg him to assist us in all our undertakings to ward off all the enemies of our spiritual welfare, and to make ourselves worthy of his services.

On the calendar of the Church October 2 is Holy Guardian Angels' Day. In some localities, however, this feast is celebrated on the first Sunday of September. Let us devoutly celebrate this day out of gratitude to our good angel.

A Great Privilege

Since it seems not to be so generally known as it deserves to be, we wish to call attention to the great privilege that Holy Mother Church grants on Nov. 1 and 2 in behalf of the Poor Souls in Purgatory. All the faithful may gain in any Catholic Church a *toties quoties* plenary indulgence, that is, like the Portiuncula indulgence, a plenary indulgence, each time they enter the church and pray for the Holy Father's intention, providing of course, that they have confessed their sins sometime within the preceding eight days and have received Holy Communion on All Saints or on All Souls Day. The visits may begin on Nov. 1 at noon and continue uninterruptedly until midnight of Nov. 2.

Assistance in the hour of need is a proof of genuine friendship, for a friend in need is a friend indeed. If we earnestly endeavor to release many souls from their prison of torture, Almighty God will remember us when we shall be placed in similar circumstances. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

Is Sixty Miles an Hour Fast?

When some people ride sixty miles an hour on a train or in an auto, they think they are going fast. But sixty miles an hour isn't fast. How should you like to travel 66,666 miles an hour? Whether you like it or not you are going at that rate, and just a little more besides, every hour of your earthly existence. You average $18\frac{1}{2}$ miles a second—think of it, $18\frac{1}{2}$ miles a second. It does not seem possible, and still it is a fact.

Our earth journeys around the sun once a year, once in 265 days. The almost circular path in which it travels is 535,000,000 miles long. There is no cutting across for the earth, it has to go all the way around. To do this and come back on time it must average more than 66,666 miles an hour.

Perhaps you do not believe this. It does almost seem incredible. You think, "Why we can't even feel that we are moving!" That's true. You see, our auto,

the earth, is very big and therefore rides smoothly. Passengers not included, it weighs approximately six sextillion tons (6,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons). Such a weighty conveyance with its constant and great momentum easily surmounts such little obstacles as star dust, that might chance to beset its path.

The admirable feature about this speeding is that despite this terrific velocity it manages to hold together. We should be inclined to think, not only that the passengers would all topple off into space, but also that trees would be torn up by their roots, mountains burst asunder, rivers and oceans dashed into mists, and the very atmosphere left behind. This would happen, too, were it not for one great force — cohesion. Cohesion, or attraction, holds rocks, rivers, trees, atmosphere, and passengers' bodies together. It keeps all material things united. But what about immaterial things, such as human souls?

Ah! With souls another force comes into play. Our bodies may be closely united whilst our souls are sadly separated. Bodies seated in the same church pew may be enshrining souls that are at daggers' ends. This can be prevented, all discord, all enmity, all hatred can be prevented by one, and only one, great supernatural force — love.

Love is to souls what cohesion is to material bodies, the only force that secures their union. Both forces come from God. The natural force, cohesion, we enjoy without having to bother about it; the supernatural force, love, must be our deepest and lifelong concern. Love itself comes to us through a tangible channel, the Holy Eucharist. Through this channel we can help to communicate love to others. If we are generous, we will do this.

You see God doesn't want you alone; He wants the rest of men too. Nor does He want the rest alone; He wants you too. There is no doubt about it. God wants you. Do you want Him? There is where there might be some doubt. Do you want Him? If you do, prove it. Prove it by interesting yourself in His behalf. Bring others along with you to God. How? Through the International Eucharistic League. Have you joined it? If not, accept the cordial invitation now. "Christus te invitat—Christ invites you."

Heaven, you know, is a long way off, and we have not so many years to get there. Since we have to be there on time, we cannot jog along at leisure, but must set up a high average speed. But then there is always the danger of flying off into space, into exterior darkness. To avoid this we must keep together, not only by natural cohesion, but also by supernatural love, by Eucharistic Love.

IGNATIUS ESSER, O. S. B.

As Almighty God in His wisdom has ordained natural food as the means of repairing the decay of the body and of warding off death, so has He seen fit to give us a spiritual and heavenly food to keep us from falling into mortal sin, which causes the death of the soul.—Selected.

Provided for the Journey

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"NOT long ago, Father, you gave me an explanation of the Communion prayers," remarked Carl Jones as he was returning with Father Gilbert from a sick call.

"Yes, I believe I did give you some instruction on these prayers."

"Well, I observed you closely today and I am sure that you recited some new prayers. It seems that the prayers which the priest says when he gives Holy Communion to the sick must be different, at least in some respects, from those which he uses in church. Am I right?"

"Yes, there is some difference. For instance, upon entering the house of the sick person the Church puts into the mouth of her priests the words: 'Pax huic domui et omnibus habitantibus in ea—Peace be to this house and to all that dwell herein.' If words ever have a meaning, these surely have. When the Prince of Peace comes to visit the sick, He brings peace and consolation not only to the sick themselves but to all who dwell in the house and are concerned about the welfare of the sick."

"That seems quite true, Father, for I have observed it myself."

"After I had placed the pyx with the Sacred Host on the table, I took holy water, sprinkled the sick man and the room, and said the prayers prescribed."

"I noticed your lips move in prayer but I did not know what you were saying."

"You surely knew, for you have often heard them before."

"What were they, Father?"

"The very same that you hear at the 'Asperges' on Sundays before High Mass. It is true that the Church sings them in Latin and unless the faithful make use of their prayer books, they will not understand the meaning of the significant words. Just listen to these words: 'Thou shalt sprinkle me, O Lord, with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed: Thou shalt wash, me and I shall be made whiter than snow. Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy. Glory be to the Father,' etc. The antiphon, 'Sprinkle me,' is then repeated. This is followed by the versicles and responsories: 'Our help is in the name of Lord. Who hath made heaven and earth. O Lord, hear my prayer. And let my prayer come unto Thee. The Lord be with you. And with thy spirit. Let us pray. Hear us, O Holy Lord, Father Almighty, Everlasting God; and vouchsafe to

send Thy holy Angel from Heaven, to guard, cherish, protect, visit and defend all those that are assembled together in this house. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.'"

"How appropriate these beautiful prayers are."

"Did you recognize any of the prayers that were said after the sick man had gone to confession and you had returned to the room?"

"Yes, they seemed to be the same that you explained to me sometime ago. The word *Confiteor* put me on the track."

"You guessed correctly. The prayers are the same. But when I placed the Sacred Host on the tongue of the dying man the following words were pronounced: 'Receive, brother, the Viaticum of the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ; may He preserve thee from the wicked enemy, and bring thee unto life everlasting. Amen.'"

"What is the meaning of *viaticum*, Father?"

"The general meaning of the word is *provisions for a journey*. The sick man expects to undertake a great journey, the journey into eternity. He needs the right sort of provisions to make this trip without mishap. What better provisions or means of assistance could be given him than the living Body of our Lord and Redeemer who becomes the prop and support of those who enter eternity? For this reason we call the Communion that is given in preparation for death by the special name of *viaticum*."

"Now I understand better why the Church takes such great pains to bring Holy Communion to her dying children and why the faithful are so eager to receive this sacrament in their last hour. But, Father, not all good Catholics seem to obtain this grace."

"Don't let that worry you, for, 'As a man lives so shall he die.' If during his lifetime one is a great lover of the Eucharist, he will remain a great lover of the Eucharist to the day of his death. He may not be able to receive holy Viaticum but on that account he will not be deprived of the graces that he needs, provided he was faithful to the Eucharist when he was well. God sometimes permits extraordinary things to happen in order to enable His truly Eucharistic friends to receive the Viaticum."

"I have heard several such instances, Father. Possibly you could tell me some that you have witnessed."

"Well, there is one especially that I should

like to tell you, one that I have from the lips of the very priest who made the experience."

"I should be glad to hear it."

"In the parish of this priest there was an exemplary young lady, whom we may call Grace Strong, a model in every respect. She was greatly devoted to the Eucharist and, of course, never let a day pass without communicating. One morning there was a large number of the faithful at the Communion railing. In giving Holy Communion to each, he pronounced the customary words, 'The body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve thy soul unto everlasting life. Amen.' But when he came to Grace, without knowing why, he used instead the words of the formula for giving the Viaticum: 'Receive, sister, the Viaticum of the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ; may He preserve thee from the wicked enemy, and bring thee unto life everlasting. Amen.' Afterwards he marvelled that he should have used the wrong formula in this particular instance. A few hours later word was brought to him that the young lady to whom he had thus administered Holy Communion had been killed by a street car. He then understood why God in His Providence had caused this lover of the Eucharist to receive Holy Communion as Viaticum so shortly before her death.

"We have examples, too, in the lives of some Saints who received the Viaticum in a wonderful manner. St. Raymond, for instance, on his deathbed was visited by an angel in the guise of a fellow-religious who administered to him this holy sacrament."

"How wonderful! These incidents seem to be but another proof of the maxim, 'You cannot outdo God in generosity,' which you often quote in your sermons."

"Well, isn't it the truth?"

"It surely is. But before you forget it, Father, didn't you recite another prayer after you had administered Holy Communion to the dying man?"

"Yes, the Church prescribes that her priests say in conclusion, 'O holy Lord, Father Almighty, Eternal God, we earnestly beseech Thee that the most sacred Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son, which our brother hath now received, may be to him an eternal remedy both of body and soul. Who liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.'"

"How happy the poor man appeared to be after he had received these great graces."

"Indeed! the man that is fortunate enough to have the priest at his bedside when death approaches has every reason to be happy. Does not the priest remove from the sick man's weary and sin-stained conscience all taint of guilt by cleansing his soul in the tribunal of penance; in giving him the Bread of Angels' does he not make a tabernacle of the poor man's heart; does he not blot out the last remnants of sin by the sacrament of Extreme Unction? These wonderful graces are from the bountiful mercy of God. Yet this is not all. The Church imparts to the dying man the Apostolic Blessing which enables him to gain a plenary indulgence in the hour of death, provided he is resigned to the will of God and pro-

nounces the holy name of Jesus. Should death linger, he may, even daily, receive anew his Lord and Master into his heart, as was the case with the sick man today."

"How privileged we children of the Church are."



POPE GREGORY VII RECEIVING VIATICUM
(Window in St. Meinrad Abbey Church)

"Indeed! Even the Negro in the wilds of Africa knows how to appreciate this sacrament. A missionary told me not long ago that the negro regards it as a very great distinction to have the priest enter his hut with the holy Viaticum. When he calls for the priest, he usually sends four men armed with spears, two to precede and two to follow God's minister. The priest is told that the sick man's body is dead but that his soul is still there, wherefore he should come in all haste."

"How interesting! But such sacrifices as the missionaries, and all other priests, have to make must be very consoling."

"Surely, for it is a great consolation to the priest to see how some highly favored souls live as it were on the Eucharist during their last days. How resigned they are, how they wait for the hour when they may communicate again, how gradually they sleep away in the arms of Jesus."

"Poor Protestants! What little encouragement the minister has to offer his sick in the hour when help is needed most."

"Aside from a prayer and a few words of comfort what has he to offer them? He cannot give the consolation that the dying want most. They do not desire anything that is vague and indefinite but something that is certain and definite. From their experiences in the late war the army chaplains can give you plenty of proofs of this statement."

"Yes, I have heard that many of the soldier boys embraced the faith in the face of probable death and received the Holy Eucharist as the best preparation for battle. But, Father, I

have wondered that Dr. Barton, who is known to be a Mason, often comes in his car to take you with the Blessed Sacrament to his patients."

"Ah, perhaps you do not understand. He realizes better than many others that his best assistant in effecting the cure of his patients is the Catholic priest. Therefore he is glad to see the priest visit the sick, because after he has prepared them for death by giving them the sacraments only then do they become quiet and thus enable the remedies prescribed to produce the desired results. Very often, too, remarkable changes for the better are noticeable after the reception of the sacraments."

"How do you account for it, Father?"

"Well, in Holy Communion the patient receives the Divine Physician to Whom the ills not only of the soul but also of the body must yield, if He bids them. Besides, you know from your catechism that Extreme Unction is destined not only to prepare the soul for death but also to effect the cure of the body, if God so wills it."

"In either case, then, a patient has nothing to fear if the priest is called in the early stage of a serious illness."

"Certainly not. It is a dangerous and foolish practice to keep the priest and the Divine Physician of the Eucharist away until the patient is gasping for his last breath."

"Father, I am going to instruct those at home to call you in time, if I get sick, so that I may get the full benefit of the means which Holy Church offers to her sick children."

"Yes, Carl, it is to your interest to do so."

Their Tower of Strength

AMBROSE

MIDSUMMER in Western Kansas. The vast fields are aglow in the splendor of the setting sun and groups of cattle are still browsing on the boundless prairies, some of them huddled together and waiting to be driven to their night's shelter. Prairie dogs are seen hastening over the stubble and ugly, gray owls are hovering about the holes abandoned long since by these rodents.

"This is indeed God's country," said Sister Gervase who was conducting a party of three Sisters from the Academy to the little mission, the scene of Sister Alanda's labors during the past year. Sister Gervase managed the auto with dexterity, slowing up occasionally to give her guests a better view of the scenery. "In about half an hour we will be at Wright. When

we get there you will realize that the pioneer days, at least for Catholic teachers are not over, and that the laborers in God's vineyard today out here in Kansas are worthy of the noble men and women who brought the religion of Christ to these regions."

"But it must be terribly lonesome for three Sisters to live all alone in this place," suggested Sister Rosaria. "I do not know how anything can make up for the advantages of a larger community in the city."

"Well, here we are," said genial Sister Alberta, who had been the loved superior of the community during the summer months. "I know Sister Alanda will want to get the keys from Mr. Braun at the post-office and tend to the opening of all the doors and windows of the school and the church."

Sister Alanda alighted from the auto and, having secured the keys, escorted the party to her little school. There were, of course, layers of dust on the benches and tables, but yet it was a school of which any community might be proud. It could be seen at once that if even in vacation time there was an air of order about the place, it would be a model school during the months when work was in progress.

But it must have been a difficult task to keep up courage during ten months of the school year in this lonely out-of-the-way mission. If even the summer months were trying, what about the long and dreary winter, so far from congenial spirits and the comforts of the city? The Kansas blizzards, no doubt, howled about the schoolhouse in winter, and made desolation even more desolate.

Sister Alanda perhaps surmised the thoughts in the minds of her guests, so she laughingly said: "We haven't seen the best part of the outfit as yet. You must take a look into our cozy little rooms, our verandah, and our flower garden. And best of all I shall show you what is the source of the highest joy and courage to me and to my two Sister companions during the school year." The visiting Sisters wondered what this great blessing might be.

Now Wright was a German farming community and the good people had taught their children reverence for the priest and the Sisters. Little Fred Schulte and his sister were chasing butterflies over the meadow when they saw the Sisters coming from the school to the little church. Freddie always greeted the Sisters, especially his teacher, Sister Alanda, by taking off his hat. This evening he was hatless. He had never been confronted by the emergency. But he quickly realized his duty.

Running up to Mrs. Schulte, who was feeding the chickens in the back yard, Fred shouted: "Mama, where is my hat? The Sisters are coming."

Mother Schulte told him where to find the article. Running back, he saluted the Sisters in the usual way and expressed genuine delight in seeing his teacher.

The visiting Sisters began to think highly of the pupils of Wright. It was good to see this frank delight at the unexpected coming of Sister Alanda.

Was this the great source of joy she had in mind a moment ago? No, it was a far superior blessing which enabled them to live happily through the school year.

She opened the church door. As Mass was said only two or three times a month in summer, though every Sunday in the school year, the Blessed Sacrament was not kept in the

church on that day. But yet an air of peace and serene joy hovered about the place. There was a splendid statue of the Virgin Mother at a side altar. The pews were filled with prayer books, containing the favorite hymns of the old folks. It was a village church of which the parishioners could be proud.

The Sisters realized that the supreme treasure and talisman of unfailing joy ever at the disposal of Sister Alanda and her two assistants was the Holy Grail, the symbol of all happiness, the Blessed Sacrament, which, during the school year, was kept even in this village church. Far from the ceiling, directly in front of the tabernacle, hung the "perpetual lamp," and though the flame was now extinguished, it would cast a friendly light over the congregation and the children of the school next Sunday when the Father would come to say Mass. Sunday was indeed the "Lord's Day," a day of peace and gladness for the people of Wright.

The guests of Sister Alanda had once more been impressed with the old, familiar saying, that not in abundance of earthly things and in worldly distractions consists genuine and worth while happiness. It comes from the Grail, the living fountain of purest and most serene delight.

"Good-bye Sister," said Freddie as he saw Sister Alanda locking the door. "Don't forget to bring me the picture of St. Frederick you promised me for sweeping the room five times."

"We shall do that," said Sister Alanda, "and we must do something else too," she added, turning to Sister Rosaria.

"And what is that?"

"We must pray that all Sisters who teach in mission schools have the same privilege that is ours, — the presence of the Blessed Sacrament to cheer them in days of loneliness."

"And we may be glad at the same time that here in Kansas pioneer days are not over, and that our Sisters still have the opportunity of suffering a little hardship in carrying out the work of Christian education," added Sister Alberta. "I notice that whenever our teachers accept privations in any place, God blesses all the schools of our community."

"And perhaps," said Sister Gervase, "we could send an account of our trip to the editor of THE GRAIL. There must be teachers who will be glad to find out the secret of turning loneliness into joy."

The Holy Eucharist is our daily food: the food of yesterday could not suffice for today; as our necessities are unceasingly renewed, so also should be our nourishment.—Fenelon.

Dulcis Virgo Maria

HENRIETTE EUGENIE DELAMARE

THOUGH the war was over at last, thank God! there were still many bad cases in the crowded hospital and the devoted Sisters in charge of this particular ward were so utterly exhausted by all they had gone through during the last few days that the Superior had insisted on their all taking a long rest that night while she attended to everything with the help of two young novices.

Among the most seriously wounded was an old Italian general who could not possibly live more than a few days longer. He had been a great sufferer for weeks, terribly irritable and difficult to nurse and worst of all, he had absolutely refused all religious help, declaring that he had been a Mason for the last thirty years, was in fact Grand Master of his lodge and did not believe in God, Heaven, or Hell.

"And yet you always have a rosary about you," objected the Superior who had once more attempted to bring him back to God.

"Ah! that is nothing but a souvenir, it belonged to my mother whom I idolized," he answered. "Religion is all very well for women, it cheers and comforts them and appeals to their imagination, but we cultivated men who have studied science and philosophy cannot believe such things. We have risen above those childish superstitions.

"You say you do not believe in God or Heaven or Hell," answered the Sister. "Do you believe in death?"

"Yes! worse luck! and I know I shall be dead before long."

"You certainly will, before many days are out, perhaps tomorrow," said the Sister calmly.

The old general gave a slight shiver. Though he *didn't* believe in a future life still—well—the thought of death so close at hand made him shudder. How heartless the Sister was to put it to him so bluntly, he thought.

"You are going to die soon, very soon," continued the Sister, "and yet it is through no wish of yours, no wish of ours, for we have all done all that is humanly possible to save you. Then who or what is it that decrees that you shall die and die soon?"

"Well, it is Nature — — the dissolution of matter — — I don't know how to make you understand," he answered.

Just then a young French officer called wearily for "Sister!"

The Superior rose and going up to his bedside said gently,

"What is it my child? Are you in pain? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I am so nervous, so restless — — I can't sleep, I want Sister Coronata," he answered like a fretful child.

"Poor Sister Coronata is perfectly worn out and I have sent her to take some rest," answered the Superior. "Can't I do instead of her?"

A whimsical smile came over the young fellow's face, he was little more than a boy, in fact barely eighteen.

"You will laugh at me," he answered, "but Sister Coronata knows me. She would understand and she would sit by me and — — and — — sing me to sleep," he added with a boyish half-ashamed laugh.

The Sister laughed too, "So you're a big baby and you want to be sung to sleep," she said as she bent over the young fellow and dexterously moved him to a more comfortable position while turning and shaking up his pillow. "Is that better? Yes, well now I'll sit by you and sing you to sleep," and tenderly smoothing the hair from the hot forehead, she stroked it gently with her soft cool hand, which she afterwards allowed him to hold, as she sat down by him, wondering what she had better sing that would soothe and please him. Almost unconsciously she began a song of her childhood that she had not even thought of for years, one of those grand old hymns too much neglected nowadays, but ever touching and beautiful in their simplicity,

O Sanctissima, O purissima,
Dulcis Virgo Maria
(Sweet Virgin Mary).
Mater amata, Intemerata,
Ora, ora pro nobis.

Her soft pure contralto voice filled the whole place with the sweet melody, so soothing, so deeply religious and inspiring, and her every word rang out distinctly in the silent ward. The young Frenchman heaved a sigh of pleasure and closed his eyes drowsily with a delicious sense of calm and repose. "Keep on singing, Sister dear," he murmured, "please keep on a long time," and the Sister repeated verse after verse singing softly and more softly as she saw sleep stealing over her patient.

But at the opening notes of the old song the General had started and before the first verse was over he had sat up in bed and his great dark eyes were fixed on the wall before him as

if he saw some wonderful vision. Oh yes, it was a vision he saw, a vision of a sweet young mother crooning that same old hymn to a little fever-racked boy lying in his bed in dear sunny Italy, and as the mother sang, bending her lovely face over her darling child and gazing at him with such a passion of love in her eyes, he felt soothed and comforted and murmured, "Again mother, again, sing *Dulcis Virgo Maria*!"

The vision changed and in an old country church in that dear land of his, which he would never see again, the same sweet mother sat at the little organ on one side of the sanctuary. Except for the lights on the altar at which stood a venerable white-haired priest, the church was but dimly lighted by a few oil lamps, but it was filled with devout worshippers who fervently sang the praises of Our Blessed Mother and oh! how proud the little boy was to be big enough now to accompany his mother to the evening service during this, Our Lady's own month of May, and how eagerly he joined in the hymns which she had taken pains to teach him during the day. But the one he loved best and always asked her to play was the "O Sanctissima" which he called his "*Dulcis Virgo Maria*" and as he knelt there before Our Lady's altar it filled his pure child's heart with love for Our Blessed Mother and he vowed to her that he would love and serve her all his life!

Then as the Sister sang on, the church and worshippers disappeared from his gaze. He was no longer a little boy but a young student hastily summoned from college to the deathbed of his idolized mother and as he knelt in anguish of soul beside her, covering her loved hand with his tears and kisses and watching the shadow of death pass over her beautiful face she murmured with her last breath,

"Be faithful to your God — and your Church — my Rocco, and never forget to pray — to the — *Dulcis — Virgo — Ma — ri — a*. Promise — my Rocco — promise!" He had promised fervently and with a last loving glance at him she had passed away and oh! how faithless he had since been to the vows he had then made, how totally he had forgotten God and his holy Mother! He bowed his grey head in his hands and the Sister was startled by his long low sob of anguish.

Gently disengaging her hand from that of the now sleeping boy she hastened to the old general's bedside.

"What is it my friend?" she asked, gently laying her hand on his heaving shoulder.

"It was — your song! My mother — used to sing it — to me when I was a little

fellow — I used to — sing it in church — in my old home — and it seemed to me then — that our Lady — smiled at me — and stretched her hands to me — my *Dulcis Virgo Maria*!" he gasped out between sobs.

The Sister's eyes were moist too. "She is smiling at you now, dear friend," she said in a trembling voice. "She is stretching her arms to you and longing to bring you back to her Son and God."

"My Mother on her death bed made me promise never to forget, and oh! can God forgive me these long years of sin?"

"Surely he will and the angels will rejoice over the sinner that repents. May I send for the priest at once?"

"Yes, please, at once, Sister—I have no time to lose." And humbly, fervently the old General confessed the sins of his long years of unfaithfulness and received all the last Sacraments with a devotion that brought tears to the eyes of all present. A few hours later he passed peacefully away clasping to his breast his mother's rosary which even during his long years of sin and unbelief had never left him. He had closed his eyes and they thought him gone, when suddenly he opened them again, a look of radiant joy came over his worn face and he half raised himself as he murmured with ecstasy "*Dulcis Virgo Maria*!" then sank back lifeless on his pillow.

"She must have smiled at him again," said the Superior with tears streaming down her face, "smiled at him as he thought she did when he was a little boy, and it must have been his sainted mother's prayers that obtained his conversion. How wonderful are God's ways! I was just ready to despair of our being able to convert him in spite of the fact of his always keeping that rosary under his pillow when that poor French boy asked me to sing him to sleep and something — it must have been Our Lady herself, — inspired me to choose that hymn which I too had heard in the days of my childhood and that was what touched his hardened old heart and brought him back to God! *Dulcis Virgo Maria*! she is indeed the Refuge of Sinners!"

"Daily Communion makes the saints."

Joyce Kilmer

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

Dead in thy youth!

'Tis best it should be so,

For Orpheus-like thy harp shall thrill

The Ages as they come and go!

Perpetuating California's Early Founders

HARRY J. BURKE

THE newspaper press has informed the public that the twenty-one ancient Franciscan Missions in central and southern California, which extend in an unbroken chain from San Diego to San Francisco, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles, and border along the route of the El Camino Real — The King's Highway — are to be restored to their mediaeval splendor. This is to be accomplished through the efforts of Padre Ramon M. Mestres, a Spanish diocesan Father, who has devoted twenty-nine years of his life to the study of the Spanish Missions. Father Mestres has finally succeeded in winning the interest and support of such notable personages as Herbert C. Hoover, Luther Burbank, Charles Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Eleanor Porter and a score of other prominent Californians who have banded together under the name of the California Mission Restoration Association, and who have instituted a movement that will only culminate when the last mission has been completely restored in its ancient and picturesque splendor.

For almost a century the missions of California have been the topic of historical discussion and the food for the decaying ravages of time. At different periods attempts have been made to restore some of them, but these have been more or less desultory and there have been no permanent results. The latest movement, successfully conceived and launched, will carry the work through to the end, which will be when the missions of El Camino Real are again alive and active as in the days of Father Junipero Serra.

It is worth while noting the difference between the spirit of the West and that of the East in regard to their early discoveries and founders. As far back as I can remember I have been diligently tutored in the belief that the Pilgrims and Puritans, our New England forebears, were the best and most honorable of men, and that their tireless efforts in blazing a path through field and forest, hill and dale have been the real stimulus in making this the greatest nation on the globe. So popular has this belief become, descending from one generation to the other, that the Pilgrims and Puritans are now being continuously lauded in song and poem, while statues and memorials have been erected throughout the land in mute evidence of our filial devotion and untiring homage. We have even gone so far as to set aside certain days as holidays in their memory, such

as in more cases pro than con, Thanksgiving Day is observed as a Pilgrim feast day, rather than a day for the universal offering of thanks to God.

In our fanatic adoration of these grim ancestors do we ever pause to consider whether or not these apotheosized New Englanders rightly deserve the homage we insist on showering down upon them? History is unanimous in citing the Puritans as examples of the then oppressed English commoner, forbidden the divine right of self-determined religious worship, trampled under the hobnailed heel of a despotic ruler, deprived of both personal and civic rights, yet standing steadfast in their staunch beliefs of honor, and the right of liberty of conscience, and upholding their torn and trampled ideals defiantly even in the face of certain death. This is indeed a grand and inspiring picture, but one that leads to complete bewilderment when one pauses to consider the subsequent events that followed their coming into power. Oppressed and downtrodden in their native England, they set sail for the free shores of the then vast and unexplored continent of America where the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth on the morning of December 20th, 1620.

It had been the Pilgrims' intention on leaving England to establish a colony in the New World where religious tolerance would be the first, and chief consideration. How well they adhered to this intention history relates, for no sooner had they set foot on American soil than a complete transformation set in, and from the poor, bedraggled subjects of a tyrannical majesty they in turn became the oppressors of the ignorant, childlike Indians, whom they defrauded of vast tracts of land in exchange for a few farthings' worth of trinkets and rum. They even sought to kill off those most persistent characters among their Indian neighbors who obstinately refused to bend readily to their autocratic will, and so well did they succeed in this undertaking that they gained for themselves the irreconcilable hatred of the red men, who during the first few years of their residency had diligently endeavored to be their friends, but who through a long series of abuse and mistreatment had finally developed into their most deadly and ferocious enemies. The Puritans and the Indians were almost continually at logger heads, for many years, and the most sanguinary of wars were being perpetually indulged in with terrible re-

sults to both sides. Compare this warlike invasion of the English on the east coast with that of the entry of the gentle Franciscans on the west.

The latter came into our western world armed only with the admonition of Christ, who said, "Going therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Bravely did these humble servants of the Master push forward into the wildest and most desolate regions, carrying the doctrines of Christianity even into the very tepees of the barbarous inhabitants whom they had come to serve, and so successful were they in their preaching and teaching that only in the rarest instances do we read of their being molested. On the other hand, they were received with open arms, while complete freedom was accorded them in carrying out their prescribed work.

In a few years the whole of California had fallen under their sway and they traversed the country from one extreme to the other, baptizing whole tribes en masse as they went, and erecting missions and schools all along the route.

Besides christianizing the Indians, the friars also concerned themselves with their corporal welfare. They taught the Indians the value of commercial pursuits. They induced them to desist from their aimless wandering and to establish villages, the land around which they learned to till and turn into fertile farms. The friars also taught the natives the art of weaving mats, molding pottery, and the constructing of crude farm implements, of which specimens are to this day in evidence among the Pueblos, a tribe scattered through the extreme southwest, and who are themselves an excellent example of their tribe's early tutelage at the hands of the Franciscans.

How different this from the stern invasion of the English on the east coast. The Puritans gained their objectives by the promiscuous use of sword and gun. The Franciscans triumphed solely through love for their ordained task, and by placing foremost in the minds of the Indians the conviction that they had come not as foes but as friends to aid them in both spiritual and bodily matters, and convince them of the truth of this statement by immediately setting about doing good wherever they went.

Both the Puritans and Franciscans have now passed on. The one in glory, whose achievements have been chiseled into marble and granite, and whose memory is kept fresh by song and poem; the other in silence and oppression, whose very establishments have been allowed to rot on their foundations, and whose memory

even history, the great authentic recorder of time, is inclined to pass lightly over as if not daring to emphasize it for fear of detracting from the lustre that shines from our deified Puritan ancestors.

So it is with keen anticipating that we read the announcement that a group of broad-minded, generous-hearted people, shamed by their country's and their state's indifference, have resolutely resolved to rebuild these missions and reestablish once more the missionary spirit in a land sorely destitute of such beneficial influence.

Civilization dawned for California and the great west on July 7, 1769, when the four forces of the pioneering Spaniard's met at San Diego, and celebrated their successful undertaking in a grand *Te Deum*. No sooner were the congratulations completed than the work of constructing a mission started. From that day forth California has been civilized.

San Diego was sought and discovered by order of the King of Spain. José de Galvez, visitor general in Mexico, was given the order. And in Father Junipero Serra, of the Franciscans, he found the great missionary of the future. Two expeditions, on the ships *San Carlos* and *San Antonio* respectively, sailed from La Paz for the new land. Two foot parties departed shortly after under the commands of Don Fernando River y Moncado and Gaspar de Portola, a Captain of Dragoons with the same objective.

Mission San Diego was soon completed. Besides the church there was the little settlement, or post. Once settled the missionaries next turned to the education of the Indians, under the personal supervision of Father Serra.

The civilizing of the Indians has been almost the crowning glory of those men who toiled in the unknown and on their ordained work. Their success may be realized by comparing the method which the missionaries of California used in subduing the hostile tribes and turning the aborigines to useful tasks, with the treatment accorded the red men in New England by the Puritans. The arrival of the English there, history shows, was the beginning of the systematic wiping out of the Indians who opposed their entrance, a result obtained through the use of firearms and what has since been prohibited the Indian conquerors, fire water.

In California all was different. The missionaries sought and obtained the friendship of the Indians. They brought them to the posts and in one generation completely changed the habits of the people.

In previous times the Indian women did all the work, while the "bucks" hunted game and

warred among themselves. Under the influence of the missionaries the male members of the tribes were put to work in the fields, at the tanning establishments, and were taught to accept the responsibilities that rightly devolved on them. They were given religion and were pressed into service in carrying the banner farther north into still unexplored territory.

The missions of California, famed in the history of civilization in the great west, which sprang into existence nearly two centuries ago when zealous missionaries toiled northward over the El Camino Real—The Kings Road, are to be revived.

Complete ecclesiastical authority has been given for this great work and for whatever restoration construction the Spanish mission architectural authorities recommend. Title to all the mission property is now held ecclesiastically.

Thus are the distinguishing marks in the beginning of civilization in the western half of the continent to be made permanent for posterity. Each of the twenty-one missions in the long, but unwavering chain, is to be reconstructed and rebuilt as it was when first completed by the tireless Franciscans and the Indians whom they civilized.

The twenty-one missions were built between the years 1769 and 1823, along a trail over four hundred and fifty miles long. That trail, or El Camino Real, is still extant, it is the highway from San Francisco to San Diego. But in the eighteenth century it was a burro path, a rude, almost unrecognizable tracing on the ground. Today it is surfaced with asphalt and where the jogging weary burros plodded with heavy packs to distant laboring missionaries, now powerful motor driven vehicles whiz by on rubber encased wheels. El Camino Real is still the same highway.

The first mission started was the Mission San Diego, which was soon completed. Besides the church there was the little settlement, or post which later developed into what is now the thriving city of San Diego. Having finished here, the Spanish forces and the missionaries set out to discover Monterey by special request from the king of Spain. Portola leading the party pushed steadily northward and stumbled upon San Francisco Bay. Eastward the land rose gently to a lofty range of hills; on the north were mountains, now the Diablo range, on the west, hills and water. The priests, remembering that Galvez had promised to name a port after St. Francis of Assisi, founder of the Franciscan Order, invoked Portola, who named the bay San Francisco.

The party then returned to San Diego, with

Monterey yet undiscovered. Again they set out by land, and this time Monterey was found. The ship San Antonio sailing up the coast, with Father Junipero Serra aboard, entered the harbor where the Spaniards joined forces and took possession in the name of their King. Here was founded the mission San Carlos de Monterey, which flourished for a while, but was soon removed a short distance to the Carmel River.

El Camino Real was now rapidly springing into existence, winding as it does through the most fertile valleys of the land. At the end of each day's march a mission was built. San Antonio de Padua was built thirteen leagues from Manuel, July 14, 1771, and San Gabriel, near Los Angeles, was erected September 9, 1771; San Luis Obispo sprang into life September 1, 1772. On September 17, 1776, San Francisco began to exist. On the 9th of October the mission De Los Dolores de Asia was founded in honor of the patron saint of the Franciscans. This mission, known as the Mission Dolores, is now standing well preserved in San Francisco.

Other missions rapidly springing into existence were: San Juan Capistrano, between Los Angeles and San Diego; Mission Santa Clara, Mission San Buenaventura, Mission Santa Barbara, Mission La Purisima Concepcion, on Santa Inez River; Mission Santa Cruz and Mission Soledad on the Salinas River; Mission San Fernando Rey, near and northerly from Los Angeles, were all established during the one year, 1797. The following year saw the construction of Mission San Luis Rey de Francis thirteen and one-half leagues from San Diego. Mission Santa Inez was built twelve leagues from Santa Barbara in 1804.

El Camino Real then led across the Golden Gate, Mission San Rafael, north of San Francisco Bay, was built Dec. 14th, 1819, and the last of the missions was erected August 25, 1823, at Sonoma, and was named Mission San Francisco de Solano.

The next few years immediately following 1834 were hard ones for the missionaries, due to political disorders in Mexico, of which California was then a province. It was during this period that the friars were divested of all their possessions and banished from the very land they had been so poignantly a factor in creating. For years after their departure the missions were allowed to stand idle, until the ravages of time made them untenable; after which they were gradually allowed to sink into ruins.

At the close of the Mexican War, in 1848, the United States took possession and held the missions as government property. As the Mex-

(Continued on page 189)

Fortune's Buffets and Rewards

ANNA BLANCHE MCGILL

(Concluded)

AFTER Barney's "three legs" had gone stumping down the street, Father Vincent lingered on the porch a half an hour or so, meditating over Barney's problems and his own. The moon had begun to rise over the valley, touching the scene, even the prosaic roofs and chimneys, with beauty and poetry. Often in the old days before he retired, he had stood thus gazing outward, thinking of his flock folded in sleep and peace. As a loving shepherd he had looked out over their humble fold, asking blessings for them and strength for himself. He must continue to share their burdens. One of the first tasks for the next day must be an endeavor to help Barney; he would go to see Lloyd and persuade him to grant Barney an extension of clemency till Ted could begin to give the family appreciable assistance.

Having retired with a fresh access of devotion to his people and desire to aid them, Father Vincent awoke the next morning with an energy, a zest for the day's routine, which he had not known for some time. Even Peter Cox noticed it when he came in with the morning mail.

"Well, what's the news in the world this morning?" Father Vincent had called out in a cheerier voice than usual during the last months.

Any news that he failed to glean from his evening papers and callers he always felt perfectly safe in getting from Peter in the morning. Peter seldom failed to have some tid-bit of local or national significance; often he brought in a report of valuable parochial interest. Peter was persuaded that, superior officer as Father Vincent might be, it was he and Father Vincent together who "ran" St. Paul's. Of course Father Vincent had to say the Masses and fulfill other high duties, but how could these have been properly conducted without Peter as attendant? Who else had "stood up" with as many marrying couples? Who had assisted at more baptisms? Who but Peter in fair weather and foul had been ready day and night to drive Father Vincent to the bedsides of the sick and dying? In addition to these important services, he kept the church spick and span, and the hedgerows in front of church and schoolhouse neatly trimmed. He it was who many a night rounded up the men and boys and headed them away from saloons and gambling centres. If any young girls were out unusually

late and unaccompanied, it was Peter—confirmed bachelor though he was and too shy formally to "see any young lady home"—who followed them at a respectful distance till he was sure they were safe under parental roofs. On his quest of wild boys and of husbands who ought to have been home with their families, Peter could go to places where, because of the dignity of the ecclesiastical garb, Father Vincent could not so freely go—unless sent for. There was nothing derogatory to Peter's dignity in lingering around corners where he might capture a black sheep or two. Very human, kind, and the least of a meddler, Peter took keen delight in such special parish work or in bringing in some bit of news that would entertain Father Vincent or give him a side light on his problems. The evening after Barney's call Peter made his appearance with a bright sparkle in his eyes denoting a fresh capture of information.

"There was two strangers down at the Casey House last night," announced Peter.

"Were there indeed?" answered Father Vincent who never denied Peter the interest due his communications, "Who were they?"

"They give their names—Wright and Simpson—but they was close-mouthed about their business."

Time was when strangers were more frequent than they had recently been in Maryville, hence the pastor did not have to feign attention to their presence. By the next day Peter had a few more details.

"Them strangers is prospectin' — judgin' from the way they've been trappin' over the place today. They're mostly holding their tongues still, but they kinder give themselves away, asking who owns this and that piece of land. They've pretty well gallivanted over the town and the country on the edges. They seemed much took by the big stretch of country where Bob Long's distillery used to be—I never thought half as much of that sandy land as of other spots."

Peter was perfectly capable of having followed the visitors around so cleverly as not to be suspected of espionage, yet matching their rôle of investigation with his own curiosity. Evidently their presence had worked him up to a state of excitement which made his surprise all the keener when they departed as unexpectedly as they had come.

"Now I just wonder what those strangers

were nosin' around here for—then dashin' off like that."

Father Vincent had been infected by Peter's interest and now the priest too was disappointed. He had begun to feel a stir of hope that some project was under way. One never knew when prospectors were going to discover minerals, oil, clays, what-not that might redeem a Deserted Village. The gas well over at Red Briar had lately been proving a wonder, and in the next county good oil had been discovered; perhaps Maryville might have some hidden treasures. But as the days went by and nothing further seemed to have been heard from the "strangers," Father Vincent's hopes and Peter's speculations began to subside. However in a few weeks Peter appeared one morning in a fresh mood of elation.

"Wright and Simpson are back again—landed on the 6:40 last night."

"Did they indeed?" inquired Father Vincent, gratified that this was not one of Peter's busy days—there would be opportunity to keep an eye on the visitors and bring in bulletins about them. A lively report was ready by evening.

"Wright and Simpson are sure up to something! They offered Tom Bryan \$900 for that north field of his—he'd been glad to get rid of it at any price these three years. They asked Nick Thornton what he'd take for the old mill property. What beats me is the jumps they make—what are they up to less'n they expect to boom the whole town, buying up pieces 'cross town from each other? And where do you think I seen 'em last? Lookin' over the fence at old St. Paul's—at Barney Cawthorn's and *our* lot"—Peter always used the first person plural in speaking of the church property. Father Vincent laughed heartily over his lieutenant's resolute quest of knowledge. Nor was he without a certain sense of gratification—it did look as though some enterprise might be under way.

"The next thing we know they will be bargaining with us," and Father Vincent reflected that after all Peter's ingenuous self-elected secret service activities might prove helpful and informing, preventing any rash and entirely ignorant moves on the pastor's part. News was to come thick and fast—Peter was back at noon, bristling with discovery:

"They're after oil—that's what they are after. What do you think of that? Started right in digging today on Jack Lowry's ridge—it turns out that Jack put 'em up to comin'—he's been makin' a good deal out of money he put in some petroleum company down state, and of course he's always been moonin' around, calculatin' about what be under us here in Mary-

ville; but knowin' Jack as I do, I never paid particular attention to what he said about anything. Seems he sold part of his land and kept a kind of lease or something on the rest of it. Tom Bryan sold to 'em outright and they are going to start drillin' on his lot tomorrow. All that freight that's been lyin' up at the station the last few days was their contraptions—sent 'em on soon after they left last time! I reckon I'll be steppin' down to Casey's after dinner to hear if there's any more news. Jack Lowry said there might be a good deal of fair oil round abouts, and on the other hand there might be little worth pumpin'."

Father Vincent drew a deep breath as Peter started off. Occasionally during recent years considerable excitement had been aroused by discovery of oil in counties not so remote, yet the quality and quantity found had not been so remarkable as that elsewhere in the State—to say nothing of Texas. To neither Father Vincent nor to others keenly interested in the welfare of the place had it occurred that fortunes might be sleeping beneath the vicinity's uplands and abandoned farms. The subject of "structures," as the oil men turned them, in the earth's folds was a theme to which Father Vincent had never given any special study, though there were numerous other topics of interest and inquiry to which his versatile active mind had from time to time applied itself. Now he was sorry he had never "gone in for" geology—if he had only given as much thought to it as he had to astronomy, for instance, it would have been well, now that "anti-clines" and similar abstruse matters might become so significant for his parishioners. Oh well, he would likely soon acquire a good deal of knowledge technical and otherwise!

How closely involved in the subject he might be was shortly to be proved when in the early afternoon, contrary to his wont, Barney Cawthorn appeared. Father Vincent looked and expressed his surprise:

"Is anybody sick; has anything happened?"

"Not when I left home—but where there's five young ones you never can tell when your back is turned. It's mysel', maybe, is the worst off of the crowd," though his twinkling eyes belied the statement—"I'm struck by heart disease—I may go off any minute."

Father Vincent was less solicitous than amused. Barney continued

"It's a shock I've had. What do you think? Those oil fellows that have been stirring up Maryville landed at my office today and said they understood I was part owner of the old St. Paul property and the field close by—and what would I take for the whole estate?"

"What did you tell them?" said Father Vincent, all attention.

"Now what do you suppose I told 'em? The truth, of course: that it was only a slice of St. Paul's I owned and I naturally couldn't answer without consulting my partner—meaning of course your reverence, with all respect to you! They asked: would I then consult you soon and give an option on the place."

"An option? Are any more of them coming to town? Is our dear little Maryville really going to wake from her slumbers, Barney Cawthorn?"

"Looks like it!" answered Barney. "So the first thing I did when their backs were turned was to bless myself and give thanks to St. Patrick for the first blink of sunshine there's been over our hard luck these many days. I've been tryin' to negotiate with the Saint for a little good fortune and if it comes, it's a fine lot of Masses of thanksgiving will be coming to him."

"You are just determined to keep a rival to my patron; but if there's oil on the old St. Paul property, it stands to reason St. Paul can't be left out of all consideration. However we'll not quarrel here—we'll let the blessed ones settle their claims between them in Heaven."

Then for a few moments the two men concentrated over the possible values of their holdings and their policy with the prospectors.

"It's a good business man and a first class diplomat we lost when you joined the clergy," observed Barney as he took his departure.

When Peter appeared a little later, Father Vincent felt that it was his duty to report the strangers' visit to Barney. Peter's excitement of the last few weeks culminated that afternoon. Looking up as he was trimming the hedge, he saw Messrs. Wright and Simpson approaching and actually entering the gate. When they were announced, Father Vincent's own pitch of interest was as high as Peter's though no one would have discerned it beneath the dignified poised greeting accorded the guests. Barney would have felt his compliment to Father Vincent on his diplomacy justified could he have overheard his friend's conduct of the interview. The older of the two visitors had begun by introducing himself and his associate:

"This is Mr. Simpson, Father, and I am Edward Wright."

"We have begun to think of you as the magicians who are going to transform our drowsy little settlement into a 'boom town.'"

The two men laughed genially over the allegation.

"That's maybe a large order."

"Unless Maryville does her part and yields up rich treasures."

"The land looks good—but this oil business is always a speculation. We can never tell what's under the surface till we start down," answered Mr. Wright, "but we thought we would like to investigate some of your holdings, that plot across town. Would you care to sell?"

"That depends," answered the priest.

"On the price, I suppose, what are you asking for it?"

During the next few moments there followed a fire and cross-fire of questions and counter-questions over possible terms. Liberal enough for Father Vincent's own needs was one of the first offers; but foremost in his mind was the thought that he must protect Barney's interest as well as his own. The evident desire of the men to get possession of the property indicated its value to them. Finally after a fairly good proposition, Father Vincent said, "I'll tell you what we'll do: I'll speak to Mr. Cawthorn and if he is willing, we shall accept your offer if you assign us one-fifth royalties."

The two men looked at each other, holding a silent debate and trying to read each other's thoughts a moment. Finally Simpson replied:

"One-eighth is the usual royalty."

"But it's a large tract you're getting, with a good many chances under it. And of course it ought to prove a fortunate field, considering its proximity to the site of the old church—the angels and saints, as Mr. Cawthorn would tell you, had the place in their care for a long time"—and whether it was Father Vincent's logic or his smile or persuasive gift whatsoever, his proposition was accepted.

"He looks like a dreamer and a saint, but on the whole talks mighty good common sense and business," observed Edward Wright as he and his partner passed down the street together, "shouldn't be surprised if he wouldn't be an ally worth having if we get the refinery started. Looks as though he could handle men."

Almost over night Maryville seemed transformed. Derricks began to rise here and there; drills began activities that drew an interested group of boys and unemployed elders to watch the proceedings. Local excitement leaped high—and all the higher when news came that a gusher had begun to spout over in Red Briar. That was promising and exhilarating enough but when the drill which had first been started at Maryville, on Jack Lowry's property began to send up a couple of hundred barrels a day, here was visible, tangible evidence that there might be more elsewhere near by. Father Vincent thought it was time to offer up a prayer that dear sleepy little Maryville might not fall

a victim to wild cat schemes. Barney Cawthorn went about in a state of suspense carefully dissembled. But the third of the trio most deeply interested in St. Paul's welfare—Peter Cox—surrendered himself utterly and undisguisedly to hopes and devout attention to derricks, oil men and their gossip. Fortunately there were few extra services and ceremonies so he could apply himself wholeheartedly in his vigilance over daily developments. If it had been anyone less reliable and less staid in history, Father Vincent might have been tempted to say that his first lieutenant had become demoralized. Such a contumelious term seemed not undeserved, however, one day when Peter was seen coming down the street, his physical appearance most unusual. His clothes were muddy and spattered; some tragedy had befallen his hat—it was decidedly out of drawing. Nonetheless, such as it was, the hat was lifted and waved toward Father Vincent with a rapturous flourish most unwonted from its wearer. Something surely had happened to Peter—it sang out from his lips as soon as he was near enough to be heard:

"Our well's come in! Part of it's over me! Look at me—they kept telling me to get out of the way, but I just wanted to make sure—there's no denying there's a sight of oil—everybody's just wild, down as close to the derrick as they dare. I ran off to tell you it's in!"

"Enough anyhow, I hope, to buy you a new hat, Peter."

Almost on Peter's heels came Barney, corroborating his news and giving more details.

"Looks as though it's really a hummer—or a gusher as those experts call 'em," declared Barney. "Bless us and save us, Father, could you and myself be after standing a bit of good luck, I wonder?"

Days of sustained excitement followed. Father Vincent counted chickens before they were fully hatched—he bought Peter a new hat. From the well on the property shared with Barney Cawthorn a steady stream was actually flowing—a good quality and promising plenty more whence it had arisen. No telling what capacity the pool might have. Father Vincent of course had no desire to figure in the speculation markets; yet when a fair price had been offered for the property and generous royalty rights allowed, he had felt it his duty to his congregation and especially to Barney to accept the contract. He himself had retained the small plot on which the old church itself had stood. Barney's and his own royalties would come from the school campus and the ground just west of the site of old St. Paul's—the name given to the whole property. The place

seemed now fulfilling a kindly paternal office to its successor, bidding fair to yield enough and more to clear the debt on the new church. Barney's share in the plot and his own stretch of acreage beyond would easily pay his debts and leave him, besides, a good competence, for which he seemed immediately to find one special use as soon as it might be available.

"When you have time, will you please be arranging your calendar to make room for St. Patrick's Masses of thanksgiving?"

"Not forgetting St. Paul!" rejoined Father Vincent heartily. The two men were again sitting on Father Vincent's porch in a mood far different from that of a few months earlier. Relief from worry was already evident in Barney's expression while into Father Vincent's face had come new vigor, the light of a new zest for living. As the pastor looked forth over the little town now resurgent from its recent lethargy, the scenes he had known and loved and served had become a valley of new vision. There in the prime of his manhood, with the zeal of his replenished strength and inspiration, he saw himself grappling with the problems that must come with the new population and new conditions. Once more, as in the early days of his arrival long ago, he could look forth tenderly and prophetically, seeing a forest of chimneys and roofs above happy prosperous homes. He could see good solid buildings serving as schoolhouses and as community centres of wide use. He could discern in that productive future the well-equipped hospital he had always longed to have at hand. Here and there in this landscape of his ardent dreams he could see cross-crowned spire after spire arising, welcome rivals of St. Paul's; and one of them—certainly by all that was due to Barney's faith and loyalty—must be in honor of St. Patrick!

Suddenly Father Vincent's prophetic meditation was interrupted—a heavy truck was coming down the street, rumbling along and sounding a clamorous honk that for the moment made the late idyllic atmosphere of the place a soothing memory. There was something diabolically unnecessary in so much persistent noise—there was nothing at all in the way, not even Peter Cox's White Leghorn hen, much addicted to wandering the road.

"That's the sort of thing we shall be getting reconciled to," remarked Father Vincent, not entirely amiably.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed Barney Cawthorn, somewhat irrelevantly his companion thought, till he too discerned the cause of his friend's ejaculation. The truck, a huge oil trac-

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St. Peter of Alcantara

A. MCK.

ST. PETER was born in Alcantara, a small town in Spain, in 1499. His parents were noted for their piety and personal merit. While he was a student his father died, and sometime after this loss he went to Salamanca to complete his studies. During the two years he spent in the university he divided his time between the church, the hospital, the school and his room. In 1513 he was recalled to Alcantara, where he deliberated about the choice of a state of life. On one side was represented to him the fortune and career open to him in the world. On the other side, while listening to the suggestions of divine grace, he considered the dangers of such a course and the happiness and spiritual advantages of holy retirement. These sunk deep into his heart, and he felt a strong call to the religious life. He resolved, therefore, to embrace the Order of St. Francis, and in the sixteenth year of his age took the habit in the solitary monastery of Manjarez, situated in the mountains which lie between Castile and Portugal.

During his noviciate his detachment from the world was so complete that he seemed to be entirely crucified to it, and to find all those things which flatter the senses and vanity of men distasteful to him. He at first had the care of the vestry, which was most agreeable to his devotion. He also had the care of other departments of the monastery, and always discharged his duties with exactness and without interfering with his practices of devotion. He was very careful in the government of his eyes that they might not, by curiosity, interfere with interior recollection, and his food for many years was only bread and water and a few vegetables.

A few months after his profession he was sent to a remote monastery near Belviso, and three years later was transferred to Badajos, to be superior of a small friary lately established there. After spending three years in the government of this house, he was commanded by his provincial to prepare for holy orders. Though he begged for delay, he was obliged to consent, and, ordained to the priesthood in 1524, he was soon afterward employed in preaching. The following year he was made guardian of Placentia. The love of retirement being his predominant inclination, he petitioned his superior to be placed in some remote monastery. In compliance with his re-

quest, he was sent to one situated in great solitude, but at the same time he was commanded to take the guardianship of the house. In this retirement he composed his book on prayer. This work was highly esteemed by St. Teresa, Lewis of Granada, St. Francis of Sales, Pope Gregory XV, Queen Christina of Sweden and others.

The reputation of St. Peter having reached the ears of the King of Portugal, he desired to consult him upon certain difficulties of conscience, and St. Peter was ordered by his provincial to go to him at Lisbon. He did not make use of the carriage which the king had ordered for him, but made the journey on foot, without sandals, according to his custom. The king was so well satisfied with his answers and advice, and so much edified by his saintly deportment that he engaged him to return soon after. In these two visits the saint converted several great lords of the court, and the king's sister, renouncing the pomp of the world, made privately the three vows of religion, with the privilege of remaining at court and of wearing a secular dress, her presence being necessary for the direction of certain affairs. This princess founded a convent of Poor Clares at Lisbon, and both she and the king wished the saint to remain at court. He found, however, that the palace and the court were not agreeable to his purpose, and a dissension occurring among the people of Alcantara, he took this opportunity to leave the court to reconcile those at variance. His presence and discourses easily restored peace among the people of his native town.

In 1554 he formed the design of establishing a congregation of friars of a stricter observance for which he obtained a brief from Pope Julius III. His project was approved by the provincial and the bishop in whose diocese the house was to be established. In 1561 he was chosen provincial of his reformed order.

St. Peter greatly encouraged and assisted St. Teresa in establishing her reformation of the Carmelite Order. She says of him: "His poverty and mortification were extreme, even from his youth. When I came to know him he was very old, and his body so weak and worn that it seemed to be composed of the roots of trees, and so parched that his skin resembled more the dried bark of a tree than human flesh. He was very affable, but spoke little, unless some questions were asked him. Then he answered

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Saint Francis of Assisi

Mrs. H. W. Voss

O Saint who lived beyond thy days,
Or brought the farther life so near,
That wounds and scars were but delays
To reach the journey to the bier.
Now thou art free from all the toll
Of selfish creed and sinful ways;
For God alone did charm thy soul
In joys and sorrows, all thy days:
Christ loved thee well, so well that He
Gave thee His dearest proof of love;
And wounds by wounds thy flesh did see,
They scourged as fire from above;
Thou as one in Christ didst live,
Thou gavest all there was to give;
Thou sufferest all for love of Him
And shared the all there was to win.

Catholic Education

REV. WM. SCHAEFERS

Everywhere, in America as well as in Czecho-Slovakia, the crying need is: to enlighten the ignorant. Ignorance is on the increase. It is a big nuisance. Moreover, the crassly ignorant man is a bore and a danger. To rid the world of this nuisance is the task of the teacher. It is a difficult task and often an unappreciable task at best.

Old Catholic standards are in danger. Old ethical standards are being swept aside. Men are clamoring for what is called "Freudian self-expression." More and more do the dangerous laws of the untrained mind prevail. More and more do the godless laws of an undisciplined and vandal heart prevail.

In this immoral and irreligious world the good teacher must labor. He must labor to save. He must labor to clothe the nakedness of the mind. He must labor to train and discipline the heart and mind. That is a task, but it is as meritorious as it is difficult. For to instruct the ignorant is a great spiritual work of mercy. And as Christ was preeminently a teacher, so will He bless those following in His footsteps.

Catholic parents, pray for the success of the entire teaching body of the Church: Priests, Sisters, Brothers. They are doing Christ's work. They are the best teachers.

You want the best teachers. You want teachers who will inspire your children with the love of God, of neighbor, of learning, of craftsmanship. Such teachers the Catholic Church furnishes you. These do more than merely fill the bucket. They light the lamp. They dispell

darkness. Catholic teachers, as they must do, insist upon discipline, obedience, efficiency, thoroughness. The soul as well as the mind is educated. For this we are often attacked but the pity is that not more stress is laid upon the necessity and the value of a religious education. For such an education is the salt of the earth.

Cooperation therefore, with the educational department of the Catholic Church is the paramount duty of all Catholic parents. A whole hearted cooperation, which calls for a moral, physical, financial support, means that the Church will be able to continue her divine mission—to teach all nations. It means that your children will be superbly drilled.

The Humor of the Saints

The saints are known to be haters of themselves. Like the cruel persecutors of the infant Church, they take great delight in torturing their body, in treating it as a beast of burden that must do the greatest amount of work with the least amount of food and drink. As severe as they are to themselves, so kind and indulgent are they to their neighbor. Their holiness serves as a magnet that attracts and wins all hearts. This is partly due to their delicate sense of humor which pleases without offending.

An example of such charitable, saintly humor is recorded by Abbé Monnin in the Life of the Curé d'Aix. The life of this holy Curé might be called a continual fast, for he would go whole days without nourishment. When he did break his fast, it was to partake of some coarse black bread bought from a beggar. But for Divine Providence, which inspired some good soul to look after his wants, the servant of God would often have had to beg his bread, for he gave everything to the poor.

Such a person was the widow Claudine Renard. She took care of his scantily furnished presbytery and still more scanty wardrobe. At times she would prepare a simple dinner for him which in charity he could not refuse. To compensate her for her trouble as well as to gratify her desire of enjoying a similar favor, the holy Curé one day prepared a banquet. To this he invited good mother Renard, as he styled her, her daughter, and Mlle. Pignaut, another pious woman. All three gratefully accepted the invitation to so rare a treat. They entered the room where the table was spread. A banquet indeed! A loaf of the coarsest black bread, a pitcher of water, and a large volume of the Lives of the Saints greeted their astonished eyes.

After blessing the food the good Curé began
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Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—Germany is to install wireless telephone on passenger trains.

—Moving pictures of the vocal cords in action have been perfected.

—Factory-built houses are to help solve the high rent problem. After you order a house, the lumber is delivered in pieces of proper length, ready to be nailed or bolted together. Nearly twenty "house factories" are at present building nearly three hundred ready-made wooden houses a day. A ready-made house of steel, of interlocking sections, has also been put on the market. No bolts, nails, or screws, are required to assemble it.

—Shooting coal by power into the out of the way places in a vessel's hold has solved a problem of quick loading for large exportations of the black diamond. The coal comes down a telescope chute onto a mechanical trimmer where a cleated belt running at high velocity projects thirty-five tons of coal each minute to the desired spot.

—TNT is the short name for trinitrotoluol, one of the most powerful explosives used in the World War. It can now be produced from wood pulp much cheaper than formerly, which fact will render its use more general for peaceful purposes, such as blowing stumps, removing boulders, and making ditches.

—Radium is found to give a yellow color to the colorless topaz. Experiments are being conducted to make the color permanent.

—The hardest known substance is the diamond, but it can now be engraved by special tools.

—A little hot paraffin wax dropped from a burning candle onto the new shoe at the spot where it pinches the corn has been found to give relief.

—New lighthouses on land are being planned by the government to make the transcontinental air routes safe. The first one is to be built on the "model airway" between Washington and Dayton.

—The advice of not going into the water until you know how to swim is followed in part by Vienna boys. They are taught to swim on land before they attempt the water! Clad in their bathing suits, they lie on their abdomen across special supports to learn the correct movements of hands and feet.

—Daily marketgrams are being broadcasted from the larger cities by wireless through the courtesy of the Bureau of Market Reports. Farmers are expected to derive great assistance from the service.

—Tagging the fishes is to aid in determining the direction of ocean currents. To the fish is attached a small disk which the finder is requested to return.

—It is now possible to pour the marble columns of a large building. A cement-like mixture will harden into a substance that can scarcely be distinguished from the finest Parian marble.

—The educational campaign against the 'white plague' or tuberculosis is bearing fruit. The death rate from this disease is decreasing in the United States. The old medicine of a 'cow and a mountain top' attributed to Galen of the second Century, finds its modern application in the advice of proper food, preferably milk, with an abundance of fresh air.

—The introduction of non-alcoholic flavoring extracts threatens to eliminate their alcoholic brothers, the present love of so many thirsty souls.

—Ether to produce unconsciousness during an operation is usually inhaled by the lungs but undesirable after effects such as vomiting result. These evils may now be avoided by a mixture of the liquid ether and oil which is taken into the stomach or injected directly into the bowels.

—To make San Francisco Bay the largest shipping terminal in the United States is the purpose of the Pacific Port Terminal. The City of San Francisco itself is crowded along the water front, so, to relieve the congestion, the city of Berkeley on the north side of the Bay has incorporated itself with certain private interests as the Pacific Port Terminal for the construction of four immense quays. The largest ocean going steamers will discharge their cargoes along these quays directly into the freight cars or enormous warehouses. Nearly three-fourths of the raw material imported from abroad into the United States come through the Pacific ports. The major portion of these imports is expected to be drawn to Berkeley, because of its superior facilities and of its being the only 'free port' on the Pacific Coast. A 'free port' allows of the importation of foreign raw material, its manufacture, and exportation to any country, without the payment of duty either coming or going.

—New light on burns has led to better remedies. Body substances such as skin, muscle, etc., when injured or damaged, have been found to act like a poison when absorbed by the body. Applied to wounds, the new theory claimed that the injured tissue, in being absorbed by the body, produced the long-drawn evil effects. The method of treatment now used for severe burns is as follows. All the injured tissue is removed by the repeated application of wet antiseptic dressings, or even by scrubbing. Then melted paraffin is sprayed onto the wound until a close fitting mask covers the entire injured surface. Under this hothouse protection, tiny islands of skin spring up as if by magic and proceed over the entire ground, like the pumpkin vines in midsummer. New home methods for the treatment of burns have been evolved. Little burns are washed with boiled water and then covered with a soft moist paste of ordinary baking soda. Another remedy is the repeated application of a raw potato pulp made by scraping the fresh cut surface of a potato. After the pain has subsided, a clean cloth, moistened with a weak so-

lution of ichthyol or picric acid, is used to dress the burn.

—Starving in the midst of plenty is the fate of the diabetic. Recent discoveries concerning the nature and treatment of diabetes will bring hope to the half million people in this country afflicted or threatened with the disease. Diabetes means an internal sugar shortage for the body. Sugar is to the body what gasoline is to the automobile—it furnishes the power, whilst the protein builds up and sustains the engine. Nature has made the body its own manufactory of sugar, changing the starches of our foods into sugar by thorough chewing of the food, by action in the intestines, and especially by the action of the liver. The liver is also to act as a great storehouse for this sugar, feeding it to the system as needed. For the diabetic the liver is a leaky storehouse, since it allows the sugar to pass from the body without assimilation. The older method of treatment, quite satisfactory in a way, aimed at the liver, by heroic dieting in the elimination of starches and sugars from the food. But now the offending organ has been proved to be not the liver but the pancreas, the sweetbread of the table. Certain little cells, called the Islands of Langerhans, located in the pancreas, have been found to control the sugar assimilation. The problem was then to find a diet that would restore these Islands when partially destroyed in diabetes. The treatment is heroic, but very successful, having reduced the death rate from twenty-seven per cent to four per cent in the Massachusetts General Hospital. The patient is deprived of all food for several days, living only on black coffee and a little alcohol. Then follow small amounts of green vegetables, such as spinach, string beans, etc. After two or three days of this Lenten fare, comes an egg, or a little chicken broth. Gradually the diet is built up to a well balanced menu and aside of the benefits of good health, the patient is well able to enjoy life. Patients then return to their ordinary occupations, but must still keep close watch over their diet. REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

—The Basilian Fathers, who purchased the ground and the buildings of the Michigan Female Seminary, at Kalamazoo, Mich., will open a boarding school for young men who are preparing for university and seminary courses.

—Missouri has just celebrated the centennial of its admission into the Union as a state. On Aug. 14, in commemoration of the event, Archbishop Glennon pontificated at the Military Field Mass that was celebrated on the grounds of the academy of the Sacred Heart at St. Charles. This institution, which was founded in 1818, is the oldest Catholic institution west of the Mississippi.

—More than one hundred scholastics of the Society of Jesus, who have the degree of Master of Arts, attended the summer school that was held at Prairie du Chien, Wis. The summer school was followed by a retreat.

—The Catholics of North Dakota have opened a campaign to raise by popular subscription \$50,000 with which to build a Catholic Foundation at the State University.

—Rev. Peter McNerney, pastor of Assumption Church, Topeka, Kan., a native of County Clare, Ireland, comes from a religious family that has given two priests to the Church and five members to the Sisters of Charity at Leavenworth. His brother, Rev. Thomas J., is pastor at Garnett, Kan.—This case is counterbalanced by a family in France named Neil that has in the service of the Church five sons that are priests and two daughters that are religious. The youngest son was ordained recently.

—The first International Congress of the Catholic Students' organizations was held at Fribourg, Switzerland, from July 19 to 22. Three neutral nations, Switzerland, Holland, Spain, convoked the Congress in which twenty-three of the recently belligerent nations took part. The Hungarian delegates handed in a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, that all should receive Holy Communion in a body at the close of the Congress. The secretariate of the organization will be at the Catholic University of Fribourg which is quite international in character. Last year twenty-two nations were represented in the student body.

—In commemoration of his golden jubilee, Most Rev. Sebastian G. Messmer, archbishop of Milwaukee, celebrated a Pontifical High Mass at Goldach, Switzerland, on July 27. Among his relatives who assisted at the Mass were Rev. F. Bonaventure, O. S. B., professor of theology at the Abbey of Engelberg, and Rev. J. W. Messmer, a cousin, who preached the festive sermon.

—An Anglican sisterhood, the Community of Reparation to our Most Holy Redeemer, at Hayes, Middlesex, England, has been received into the Church.

—In the month of July the Archbishop of Tours and seven other French Bishops made a retreat of six days at the monastery of the Sarthe, at Notre Dame du Chene.

—The body of the unfortunate Rev. Patrick E. Heslin, pastor of Colma, California, who was lured forth to his death at night under pretense of a sick call, was found nine days later buried in the sand about thirty miles south of San Francisco. The body was still clad in the cassock. A gold pyx, containing the Blessed Sacrament, a watch, eighty dollars in currency, besides some personal papers, were found in the clothing. Wm. H. Hightower, who has been identified as the man that called for the priest on the night of his disappearance, is being held for murder.

—The Central Society held its national convention at Fort Wayne, Ind., during the second week in August. The State Convention of the society met at the same time. From the very beginning of its existence the society has accomplished a great deal of welfare work. In virtue of affiliation, members of the Central Society are *ipso facto* members of the National Catholic Welfare Council.

—The Passionist Fathers of West Hoboken, N. J., have begun the publication of a monthly magazine which is called *The Sign*.

—All sections of the United States are to be represented at a convention of the Catholic Charities which will meet at Milwaukee from Sept. 18 to 22.

—A fifteen-day summer outing school in scout leadership, under an efficient corps of instructors, was held at Notre Dame University early in July. From "reveille" at 5:30 a. m., with Mass at 6:30, every hour of each day was busily occupied. So successful was this first Summer Outing School under Catholic auspices that it is planned to make the school an annual affair and to add a further course for training scout executives.

—At a recent meeting of the British Medical Association at Newcastle, the Catholic medical men, in their splendid university gowns and hoods, attended a special service for the Catholic doctors at St. Mary's Cathedral. Very Rev. Dr. Aidan Erlington, O. P., Doctor of Science in the University of Louvain, preached an eloquent sermon in which he reminded his audience that in medical science the saving of the human soul was of far greater importance than the health of the body.

—To the scientific terms ampere, volt, ohm, coulomb, etc., named after the Catholic inventors of these units, was added in 1910 the "curie," after Mme. Curie. A curie is the unit of radioactivity, that is, the amount of radium emanation which is in equilibrium with one gram of radium. As an exceedingly small quantity of the precious metal is used at a time in studying radium, the "millicurie," the thousandth part of a curie, is the term that is most frequently heard.

—The Third Order of St. Francis, which has accomplished so much good among the laity, celebrates this year the seven hundredth anniversary of its foundation. To commemorate the event, a National Third Order Convention will be held at Chicago on Oct. 2, 3, and 4.

—It is likewise seven hundred years since St. Dominic founded his Order of Preachers, who, in the past as well as in the present, have acquired fame as missionaries, scholars, and saints. This is also the seventh centenary of the founding of a house at Oxford by the sons of St. Dominic.

—At Birmingham, Ala., the Rev. James E. Coyle, pastor of St. Paul's Church, was shot down in cold blood by an itinerant Methodist preacher whose daughter was married before the priest. It is said that the preacher made it a practice to marry—for the fee of course—every couple that came to him. Now that his own daughter, a Catholic since last April, married to a Catholic before the priest, he took this means of revenge. In his sermon at the funeral, Bishop Allen, of Mobile, stated that politicians and secret societies had paved the way for this tragedy. A warrant has been sworn out charging the preacher with murder in the first degree.

—Former King Manuel, of Portugal, and Queen Au-

gusta Victoria, now exiles in England, recently acted as sponsors for those who received the sacrament of confirmation at Twickenham, where the poet Pope and other celebrities lived.

MISSIONS

—The Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word, who have a flourishing mission house at Techny, Ill., have acquired a plot of about sixty acres on the shores of Lake Beulah at East Troy, Wis., not far from Milwaukee, which can be reached by the Suburban Electric Trains. To this beautiful spot the Fathers of Techny have transferred their novitiate.

—Twelve Maryknoll missionaries, among whom are six Sisters and one Auxiliary Brother, sailed for Hongkong in September.

—The Irish mission to China will be increased by sixteen more missionaries this fall, which will bring their number in the Han Yang district up to thirty-five.

—Rev. John Thomas, O. C. R., who has spent twenty years on the missions in South Africa, has opened a house at Detroit, Mich., to receive young men who are desirous of consecrating themselves to the Trappist African missions.

—Twelve students for the priesthood, postulants of the Congregation of the White Fathers, left the Canadian house of the Congregation on Aug. 27 for Algiers where they will spend a year in the novitiate after which they will take up a three-year course in theology in preparation for ordination. Their field of labor will be in Central Africa.

—The Bethlehem Institute of Immensee, Switzerland, has been converted into a Swiss Seminary for Foreign Missions. The members of the new seminary do not make vows but take an oath and will be ordained *sub titulo missionis*.

—The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade held an enthusiastic national convention at Dayton, O., in mid-August. About 800 delegates were present.

—The Wisconsin Missionary Association of Catholic Women held its first convention at Green Bay, Aug. 20. The convention was followed by a three-day retreat.

—The Chinese Mission Society has opened a seminary at the St. Columba mission house, Omaha, for boys that intend to prepare for the missions. Only those who have finished the eighth grade are admitted. Very Rev. E. J. McCarthy is superior.

—German Capuchins have received orders from the Propaganda to take over a mission field in China.

EUCCHARISTIC

—Through the liberality of Mrs. Berthe L. Welch, cloistered Dominican Nuns have established a convent of perpetual adoration at San Francisco.

—On Aug. 7, the day of the opening of the National Convention of the Central Society at Fort Wayne, after the parade through the streets, benediction was given in the open from an altar erected at the portals of the cathedral.

—The Church of the Immaculate Conception, Haverhill, Iowa, was entered by vandals recently. They forced open the tabernacle and scattered the sacred hosts over the altar. The silken lining of the tabernacle was slightly burned. As nothing was found missing, robbery could not have been the motive.

—During the night of Aug. 2 thieves broke into St. Vincent's Church, Logansport, Ind., and stole two chalices valued at \$250.

—Breaking into churches happens quite frequently of late. Quite recently robbers entered the church of Sts. Peter and Paul, at Carroll, Iowa, forced open the tabernacle and took off with them two chalices and two ciboriums containing the Blessed Sacrament. The monstrance was left on the altar. The consecrated particles were later found outside near the church. The sacred vessels were valued at about \$600. The corpus of the crucifix over the tabernacle, which was broken off, lay on the altar. May the good Lord be merciful to all those who perpetrate such sacrileges.

—On the feast of the Assumption Rt. Rev. Vincent Wehrle, O. S. B., directed a letter to his clergy in which he stressed the wish of the Church that little children be permitted to receive their First Holy Communion as soon as they arrive at the use of reason and can distinguish between good and bad.

BENEDICTINE

—St. Anselm's College, at Manchester, N. H., has just passed its twenty-fifth milestone. A jubilee and reunion were held on Aug. 9 and 10.

—Rev. P. Raphael, O. S. B., who has charge of the art department at St. Anselm's College had a class of pupils in the art course that was given at the College during the summer months.

—On July 25 Rev. Meinrad Jeggle, O. S. B., of St. Vincent Archabbey, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. After many years of activity in various parts of the country Father Meinrad is spending the remainder of his days in the quiet of his monastic home.

—The Benedictine Sisters in the diocese of Crookston, Minn., now form a community independent from that at Duluth to which they formerly belonged.

—Sisters Bernarda and Lioba, who belong to the Benedictines at St. Joseph, Minn., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their profession on Aug. 7.

—At Sacred Heart Convent, Yankton, S. D., on Aug. 18, nine novices made their first, and thirty-seven Sisters their final, vows; at Cullman, Ala., five Sisters pronounced their final, and one, the simple, vows on Aug. 21; at St. Scholastica's Convent, Atchison, Kan., five postulants received the white veil. The triennial vows were taken by three Sisters, perpetual vows by eight; at Ferdinand, Ind., Rt. Rev. Bishop Chartrand admitted ten postulants to the novitiate on Aug. 10. He also received the first vows of nine novices and the perpetual vows of seven Sisters.

—Most Rev. Dr. Caruana, O. S. B., Bishop of Malta—the island on which St. Paul was once shipwrecked

—and Titular Archbishop of Rhodes, is at the head of the most ancient diocese in the English-speaking world. Dr. Caruana is a member of the Upper Chamber and outside of the Cabinet is said to rank as the highest personage of the State of Malta.—It will be recalled that England recently gave Malta the privilege of self-government.

—Three postulants received the clerical habit and two clerical novices pronounced their first vows at St. Meinrad Abbey on Sept. 8.

—On October 21 the Rev. Bede Maler, O. S. B., will have rounded out fifty years in the priesthood. THE GRAIL extends heartiest congratulations.

BENEDICTINE CHRONICLE

OMER HILLMAN MOTT, O. S. B.

The Benedictines of the Abbey of Beuron undertook, in 1919, the publication of a monthly review, *Benedictinische Monatschrift*, which was destined to supersede the *St. Benedikt's Stimmen* of the Abbey of Emmaus in Prague. The genre of the new publication is not unlike the review which it now replaces, save perhaps in the creditable fact that it has greatly amplified the scope of its labors which now comprehend liturgy, art, asceticism, and hagiography. The *Monatschrift* is of a high stratum of literary endeavor, and its erudite contributors by their untiring zeal and discernment have added but another link to the already lengthy chain of the reading public's indebtedness to German thoroughness and monastic scholarship.

(N. B.—If, indeed, the Chronicle has been tardy in expressing itself apropos of German publications during the last twelvemonth, we can only aver perforce with the Italian dreamer: 'Eppur si muove,' with an appended appeal to our readers to forbear.)

The monks of Beuron have resumed work on their *Texte und Arbeiten* (herausgegeben durch die Erzabtei Beuron) I Abteilung: *Beiträge zur Ergründung des Aelteren Lateinischen Christlichen Schrifttums und Gottesdienstes*. This publication, begun in 1917, has already yielded its sixth fascicle—an evidence of the great activity of the Beuronese monks who have founded, and by this review made possible, a center for the study of palimpsest manuscripts. Several notes on the articles may not be out of place here. Dom Munding identifies with historical certitude a letter of Charlemagne to Pope Adrian I, whereby the Emperor presents to His Holiness the Abbot Waldo of Reichenau for the bishopric of Pavia (Koenigsbriefe Karls d. Gr. an Papst Adrian ueber Abt-Bischof Waldo von Reichenau-Pavia. — Palimpsest-Urkunde aus Cod. Lat. Monac. 6333. *Texte u. Arbeiten*, Beuron 1920.) Dom Munding brings to light also a letter of unknown authorship addressed to Charlemagne; some synodal decrees of Reischach, Faisingue and Salzburg; and fragments of the "Capitula Iudiciorum." There follow then some Benedictine documents: a report on the translation of the relics of St. Benedict will be found interesting the document containing this report seems to be the oldest extant manuscript—the MS. of St. Emmeran having in all likelihood disappeared. It is not difficult even for the casual observer to see the importance and interest attaching to this precious codex which Dom Munding believes, issued from the Abbey of Reichenau.

Dom Odilo Ringholz, of the Abbey of Einsiedeln, has written an excellent little work on the relations that existed between Alsace-Lorraine and the Abbey of Einsiedeln: *Elsass-Lothringen und Einsiedeln in ihren gegenseitigen Beziehungen* (Verlagsanstalt Benziger).



AGNES BROWN HERING

My Angel Guardian

A happy little child am I,
So very weak and small
That God has sent an angel bright
To watch me lest I fall.

He watches o'er me while I sleep;
Is with me all the day
To help me in my little tasks
And teach me how to pray.

But when I'm naughty, he is sad
And turns his face away.
He puts no golden merit notes
In life's great book that day.

He keeps away from me all harm
Of body and of soul.
He guides my tott'ring steps to God
And helps me reach my goal.

To thank him for his loving care,
I try so good to be,
That when God takes me to Himself
My angel I may see.

FRANCIS P. KEANE

Little Grains of Wheat

Forty wistful eyes were riveted on Father Adrian as he explained to his open-mouthed hearers the grandeur of the great day when Jesus would come for the first time into these twenty innocent hearts. On Sunday, but three days off, these holy innocents would make their First Holy Communion. Father Adrian continued: "Now, little Dorothy, what is the little white Host that the priest puts on your tongue at the communion railing?" — "Jesus." — "What was it before consecration?" — "Bread." — "And who changed this bread into the Body of Jesus?" — "The priest." — "Very good. When the priest pronounces the words of consecration over the little wafers they become really and truly the Body of Jesus. Now who can tell me how this bread, these hosts are made?" No answer. That question was not in their catechism, so how could they know.

"Who has seen mamma bake bread?" A dozen hands were raised in reply. "What does she use?" — "Flour." — "Yes, flour, water, salt, yeast and other things."

"Only the purest flour and a little water are used in making the dough or paste for the hosts. Then they are baked between two hot irons which makes them so thin."

"But now let us go back a little further, let us go to the mill. We see how the miller takes many small grains of wheat and puts them into the mill. There they are crushed into fine white powder, into flour. Now just think how many grains of wheat are needed to make just one little host and how many to make all the hosts in the world—Jesus' Body."

"When Jesus comes to each one of you next Sunday He makes you all one body. You are like little grains

of wheat made into one host by the presence of the same Jesus in your heart. Jesus is the Head and you are the limbs of His Body. He lives in your heart and gives you life. He directs and guides you, just as the head of your body directs your arms and legs. If the head is cut off, the body dies. If Jesus, the Head, does not feed your soul, it will also become sick and will die, that is, it will give way to sin.

"When Jesus comes to each one of you next Sunday day ask Him always to live there as in His tabernacle. Ask Him also to make all the little grains of wheat in the world, all men, one in Him by Holy Communion. Then all men will form one large family. All will be as happy as you. When the bell in every church of the whole world rings on Sunday morning, everyone will take his place at the Communion railing and all will become one in Jesus. Will you pray for this every time you receive Holy Communion?" — "Yes, Father." — "And will you also pray for me, my dear children?" — "Yes, Father, always," all chimed in in chorus as they knelt for his departing blessing. — F. P.

Christmas Box for Sister Philippine

Many packages have been received from the readers of the CHILDREN'S CORNER for good Sister Philippine, who, as you know, is sacrificing her life for the salvation of the little Zulus of South Africa. In the name of the good Sister and her little Christians, we wish to thank you most heartily for your generous gifts. Can't you almost imagine how the little ones will dance around the box when it arrives from the friends of their mission in North America? They will clap their hands and wait impatiently with sparkling eyes while they wonder what sort of trinkets they shall get. Surely it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Now that school has opened and you are all back again in the class room and on the play ground, I wonder if you could not gather from your schoolmates some pennies, nickels, dimes, (and I almost said, some dollars too) for Sister Philippine to help her buy some of the things that she needs so badly.

If you collect any money, try to send it not later than the first week in November to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana, marked for Sister Philippine, so that it may reach her by Christmas. Remember that South Africa is a long ways off and that it takes a long time for mail to go there.

We should like to publish in the CORNER the names of the different schools that take part in this collection together with the amount that they send in. See how much real happiness and joy your class, or grade, or school can provide for Sister Philippine when the little Christ Child comes at Christmas. May the dear Child Jesus bless all of you who give something in His name. If you haven't any money to give say a prayer for the missions, and offer up a Holy Communion and He will bless you too.

We are going to ask Sister Philippine to write you a nice long letter about her mission work among the Zulus in South Africa.

Queen of the Holy Rosary

Queen of the Holy Rosary!

Thee as our Queen we greet,
And lay our lowly, loving prayers
Like roses at thy feet.

Would that these blossoms of our souls
Were far more fair and sweet.

Queen of the Joyful Mysteries!

Glad news God's envoy bore,
The Baptist's mother thou didst tend;
Angels thy Babe adore,
Whom with two doves thou ransomest—
Lost, He is found once more.

Queen of the Dolorous Mysteries!

Christ 'mid the olives bled,
Scourged at the pillar, crowned with thorns,
Beneath His Cross He sped
Up the steep hill; and there once more
Thine arms embraced Him—dead!

Queen of the Glorious Mysteries!

Christ from the tomb has flown,
Has mounted to the highest heaven
And sent His Spirit down;
And soon He raises thee on high
To wear a heavenly crown.

Queen of the Holy Rosary!

We, too, have joys and woes,
May they, like thine, to triumph lead,
May labor earn repose,
And may life's sorrows and life's joys
In heavenly glory close.

REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

Faithful Rex

A mill that runs by water power, not the picturesque old-fashioned wheel over which the water poured to make it move, but a modern turbine that is held firm at the bottom of a flume, stands out in the country on the banks of a beautiful stream. The water is clear as crystal as it jumps and leaps and dances and sparkles in the sunlight.

A large earthen dam holds back the water and whenever the miller wants to grind, he closes the gates at the spill way of the dam. This causes the water to rise and flow to the mill.

Today it was raining as it had often done before, but there was an anxious look on the miller's face.

"Are you worried about the dam?" asked his wife.

"Not a bit. This is just a nice shower. It is coming straight down and I do not anticipate any trouble," was the reply.

"It seems to me that the water is rising rapidly. It is much higher than it was when you came in."

Concluding his dinner, he hastily put on rubber boots and rain coat and went out. "Come on, Rex, Old Dog, let us go and see how things are at the dam." The rain was now coming down in torrents. The creek which a few hours before had been so calm and gentle was now a raging monster. The waters were turbulent and roaring. Never before in the history of the mill had such a volume of water swept down the valley.

The miller went hurriedly to the dam to keep the gates clear of the limbs of trees, brush, and other rubbish, for should the water be checked in its mad rush, the force of the current would tear the dam in pieces. At his heels was the friendly little dog keeping his master company.

It was evident that there had been a cloud-burst farther up the valley, for such a volume of water could not have come from any other source. No power on earth could stem such a torrent. It flowed over the dike to the north and cut off means of escape in that direction. It overflowed the dike on the south. And now that a small stream had started over the top of of the dam, the miller realized that any effort he might put forth to save the dam would be useless. Cautiously and slowly he picked his way along the dike to the south and then turned west a few rods until he reached the steel bridge. As he turned to look back, he saw that the entire dam was under water. But that was not all. Rex had not followed him. The storm and high water had terrified him and there he stood first going a few steps in one direction and then a few steps in another. The current was too swift for him to swim and the poor creature seemed to realize his fate. He had been abandoned to the mercy of the rushing waters.

Across the stream women and children were running about shouting and screaming. The miller lost no time in deliberation. He had found a place of safety but his helpless companion had been left behind. Retracing his steps as rapidly as possible, which was very slowly, he went back. The return was more difficult because the water was rising all the time. He reached the dam, picked up Rex in his arms and started back just as the embankment gave way. With a terrific roar the dam was lifted in air and tossed about by the angry waters and sent whirling down the stream. The dam was destroyed while the miller and the dog barely escaped.

It was now evening. Over the hilltops back of the mill the sun dropped like a golden ball into the west. The shadows gathered in the valley and the distant tinkle of a sheep bell was borne upon the still air. A mourning dove called to her mate. Little birds twittered sleepily in their nests and from behind the cedars the big moon came up shedding her silvery light over all.

The Vision of Sir Launfal

(Memorize at least a portion of this poem)

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then if ever some perfect days;
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten:
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for the grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living.

What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

PART FIRST

Sir Launfal now prepares to go in search of the Holy Grail and commands that his golden spurs and richest mail be brought to him.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
As through the dark arch a charger sprang
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight.

The poet tells us that it was morning everywhere and morning in the young knight's heart, the castle alone rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine and gloomed by itself.

As Sir Launfal went through the gate he was aware of a leper crouching by with outstretched hands asking alms. A loathing came over Sir Launfal and the sunshine went out of his soul, his flesh began to shrink and his heart seemed frozen so great was his dislike of this unclean creature. It seemed like a blot on the summer morn. In scorn he tossed the leper a piece of gold. The leper understood the spirit in which the gold was given and would not pick it up from the dust.

"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite
And gives to that which is out of sight
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of its alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

By the "all-sustaining Beauty" is meant the spirit of God. The foregoing lines are so beautiful that they are well worth memorizing.

(To be continued)

Hushed is the Song

Only a shot from a sportsman's gun,
Only a missile of lead,
But out in the wood where he loved to play
Is a beautiful creature, dead.

Only an arrowshot from a bow,
Lost in the blue of the sky:
A wounded bird comes fluttering down,
And a song is hushed for aye.

MRS. H. F. WORCESTER, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

The Wood Folk

(Continued)

Dryope was a woman who became a lotus tree. She was a careless, happy woman. One day she went out for a walk with her little baby. Her sister Iole went with her too. Hidden in a lotus was a live nymph and Dryope thoughtlessly broke off the lotus and when she saw the blood dripping from the plant she saw her mistake but it was too late. To punish her the earth made her feet fast where she stood. She had to say good-bye to her baby and her sisters. She was a lotus tree now and must so remain forever. But I think Iole brought the baby very often to play in the shade of the mother-tree, don't you? No doubt the mother birds found the branches of the mother-tree a good place to build their nests.

Echo was a wood-nymph who made the goddess Juno

very angry because she wasted so many words and so Juno compelled Echo to wait till others spoke and then say only their last words. One day Echo saw Narcissus and fell in love with him. Narcissus was in the woods hunting. He called to his companions, "Come hither." Echo answered, "Hither."

"Here am I. Come," Echo repeated, "I come." But Narcissus was angry because Echo had mimicked him. He started at her and hurried off. From that time she faded away into a voice and to this day she lurks silent and hidden till you call. Did you ever hear her answer you?

Narcissus fell in love with his own shadow. He was leaning over the edge of the brook one day and what do you think he saw? Someone looking up at him. He thought it was a water-nymph but it was really and truly his own reflection. Day after day he came to the water's edge and asked the lovely creature to have pity on him and return his love. At last he was changed into a flower that grows on the edge of the water and sees its own image.

You have heard many times of Clytie. She thought there was nothing so beautiful as the sun-god Phoebus Apollo. All day she watched him as he journeyed across the heavens in his chariot. Finally her golden curls arranged themselves around her two big brown eyes and her arms changed into leaves. Her body became a stalk and her two feet became imbedded in the earth as roots and we call her sunflower because she is always watching the sun.

Next month we shall learn about the pipes of Pan of which you no doubt have heard.

Our Lady of the Rosary

Our Lady of the Rosary!

What name can be so sweet
As what we call thee when we place
Our chaplets at thy feet!

ADELAIDE ANN PROCTOR.

Letter Box

(All communications for the "Letter Box" should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

The following poem was composed by Joseph A. Howleski and his sister, of Philadelphia.

FAREWELL

Farewell to School-time. Happy days,
Time's course, alas, doth swiftly run,
On school days shines the setting sun,
When friends we've met and loved now part,
Though loath we are and grieved at heart,
Another stage of life to greet;
We bid good-bye to school days sweet—
Farewell—Oh happy days, farewell.

We see Hope's star glow bright like gold
As future years their skies unfold;
We wait with joy those coming years
And smile through eyes bedimmed with tears;
The golden times we just have passed
Are memory's years too sweet to last.
Farewell, oh blessed days, farewell.

The stars in heaven nightly rise,
The sun glides daily through the skies;
But school days ne'er return again
When once they've gone, and then,
In vain we weep, in vain we sigh,
They go fore'er then bid "Goodbye."
Farewell, oh blessed days, farewell.

O you who longer here may dwell,
You too, some day, must say "farewell,"
As we have joined those gone before,
So you shall find your school days o'er
Then prize those blessings God gives you,
Their worth when past, you'll know too true,
When murmur you, "dear days, farewell."

(We like this poem very much, Joseph. Your letter was interesting, too. Now that school is in session may we not hear again, please?)

If You Love Them, Tell Them So

O, my friend, it would be better
If to those we love we gave
Tender words while they were with us
Than to speak them o'er a grave.
Those who die no longer need them,
Words they longed so much to know
While they lived are only wasted
On the cold, deaf ear below.

Many a heart is, oh, so hungry
For a little word of love.
Speak them, and as the sunshine
Gilds the lofty peaks above,
So the joy of those who hear it
Sends a radiance down life's way,
And the world is brighter, better,
For the loving words we say.

Tell the wife who walks beside you
Faithfully, what e'er betide,
That you love her, and the telling
Makes the day seem glorified.
Just the little, simple telling
Of your love for her! Ah me!
If we knew each poor heart's longing,
How much kinder would we be!

Tell the children how you love them,
With a tender clasp and kiss,
Tell your friend about your friendship—
Let him know how warm it is.
Loving words will cost us little,
But their value who can know
To the hearts that hunger for them?
If you love them, tell them so!

SELECTED.

Physical Culture

Model Lesson. Practise ten minutes each morning.
Breathe in or inhale deeply and rise on toes as high as you can. Exhale or breathe out and lower to balls of feet. Do this several times.

Sway weight forward from heels to balls of feet. Sway weight backward from balls to heels. Always breathe deeply when practising.

Bring hands close together low in front and raise imaginary weight chest high. Inhale as you do this. Push down with inverted palms. Push hard. Exhale. Repeat several times.

Relax. Drop head. Drop shoulders. Let chest sink. Relax at waist line and bend as low as possible without bending knees. Rise slowly.

Sit in chair or seat, shoulders against back of chair. Breathe deeply five times. Breathe deeply raising chest and diaphragm as high as possible. Do this five times while seated, relax head, shoulders, and chest. Rise quickly.

Clasp hands back of head. Breathe in deeply. Exhale quickly. Clasp hands and stretch high overhead. Inhale. Exhale as you lower arms. Lower arms side-ward, full length, high overhead. Clasp. Stretch hard. Inhale. Lower arms and exhale.

Always practise in the fresh air. Always keep chest high. Practise deep breathing at all times. Keep mouth closed while running.

From the Realms of Childhood

Little Roy had returned from a week's visit to his aunt and was trying to describe the folding bed he had been sleeping in. "It lays down at night, Mama, and stands on its hind legs in the day time."

Aunt Elsie was ill. Not being able to understand why she remained so long in bed, little Lon went to her room and asked, "Auntie, why don't you get up and put on your hair?"

Little Edna, who had read the advertisement, "Say it with flowers," was recently bumped into and bowled over by her uncle.

"Oh, dear, I'm very sorry," he apologized, to which Edna, picking herself up, replied, "Say it with candy, please."

Johnny—What makes the new baby at your house cry so much, Tommy?

Tommy—It don't cry so very much—and anyway, if all your teeth were out, and your hair off, and your legs so weak that you couldn't stand on them, I guess you'd feel like crying yourself.

Marie's mother gave her a box of candy and instructed her to pass it to her guests. When only one remained of the upper layer in the box, Marie helped herself although she had not yet treated all of her guests.

"Marie, why did you take one before you had served your little friends?"

"Well," answered Marie, "this was the last one."

Quite as much of a philosopher was the little boy who had five caramels. "Dicky," said his mother, "did you give your sisters three caramels?"

"No, ma," Dicky explained, "I thought they wouldn't come out even so I ate one before I began to divide."

In his lecture, "The Survival of the Fittest," the professor told the following to illustrate a point he was trying to make clear. "A mother was endeavoring to teach her little daughter to put trust in God and fear nothing. The little one was sent up stairs to bed one night after being reminded that she must say her prayers and remember that God would take care of her. Presently a storm, which had been gathering for some time, burst in all its fury. The rain descended in torrents, the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled. The little girl tried to be brave but when she could no longer control her feelings, she called loudly for her mother who came to comfort her. She reasoned with her little daughter and soon the sobbing ceased. After telling her again that God was with her and that she must not be afraid, the mother went down stairs.

"The storm increased in violence. The lightning crashed, the thunder boomed. 'Mama! Mama!' screamed the child, 'you come up-stairs and sleep with God. I want to go down and sleep with papa.'"

From Mother's Bouquet

Roses Three*

P. K.

Sweet roses keep their silent watch
Beside God's humble earthly throne
And praise their Maker night and day
Whom men so oft leave there alone.

The *White* ones tell of Mary's joy,
God's Virgin Mother undefiled,
When she conceived and bore a Son,
And in the temple found her Child.

The *Red* recall the Savior's love,
His bloody sweat on Olivet,
And saving fount on Calv'ry's height
Where sin and death their Victor met.

The *Golden* ones reflect the light,
The splendor, like the Easter morn,
Of heaven's glorious King and Queen
Whom dazzling golden crowns adorn.

O'er thorny paths to realms of love,
Of light and glory up above,
As guide will serve these Roses three—
Thy well-thumbed daily Rosary.

* For the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary, Oct. 7.

Fortune's Buffets and Rewards

(Continued from page 178)

tor, carrying drilling apparatus, obviously equal to uphill and down dale navigation, was slowing up at the gate, and on the front seat Ted Cawthorn was waving his hand toward the rectory porch.

"Haven't you two leading citizens anything more important to do than to sit there smoking and confiding in each other?" he called out.

"We were just waiting for you to drive up in your new touring car," answered Barney, as the boy came up the path.

"All the style nowadays for Prodigal Sons! What do you think? Maryville's offered me a job to beat what the Metropolis offered. I got wind of how Maryville had turned over in its sleep as soon as I had left, so I just naturally had to do the Dick Whittington act and come along home. I've landed a first class position with the big Refinery that's going to be built. Think of it! the old town and Ted Cawthorn making a new start in life together. Watch us grow! How about it, dad?"

"Add five more thanksgiving masses to St. Patrick on your calendar," murmured Barney to Father Vincent.

The Humor of the Saints

(Continued from page 180)

the feast with a toast. "See, my friends, we will eat the bread of Christ's poor and drink the water of the good God. So much for the body. Then we will feed our soul by reading from the lives of the holy servants of God. So now set to work."

The widow and her daughter managed to dispose of their generous slice. But poor Mlle. Pignaut, try as she would, could not eat her piece, and was in misery while the visit lasted. None of the three desired a second invitation.

Perpetuating California's Early Founders

(Continued from page 174)

ican Government had claimed ownership since 1834, our government by like procedure took charge and held it up until a few years ago when they were turned back to ecclesiastical authority. The Franciscans have at various times petitioned our government to allow them to reestablish these missions, but our government has always been indifferent up until a short time ago. Now these missions are to be reestablished and the memory of their founders is to be perpetuated for all coming generations.

St. Peter of Alcantara

(Continued from page 179)

in few words, but in these he was agreeable, for he had an excellent understanding."

While he was making the visitation of his houses he fell sick. The holy man, perceiving that his life was nearing the end, was taken to the monastery of Arenas, that he might die in the house of his brethren. In the last moments he exhorted his brethren to perseverance, and to the constant love of holy poverty. Having received the last sacraments, and repeated the words of the Psalmist, "I have rejoiced in those things which have been said to me. We shall go to the house of the Lord"—he calmly expired on the 18th of October, in the year 1532, and of his age sixty-three.

As fire converts into itself those things upon which it has power to act, so in like manner our Lord, Who is a consuming fire, by communicating Himself to us in the Holy Eucharist, transforms us into His likeness. — St. Denis the Areopagite.

To an Ancient Lamp Found in a Noble Lady's Tomb

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

Perchance some little Princess loved thy glow,
When weary to her chamber she had drawn,
Just as the Night was swooning into Dawn,
And she, with Love's impulsiveness to know,
High-holding thee, her lamp, on light tiptoe,
Peered in her polished glass to find, if there,
That beauty which had made her Prince declare
His troth tonight in festive halls below.

And yet, the time came when another guest
Called her away. . . Ah, was it 'mid Youth's laughter,
Or in her regal age, or long years after,
When she did seek, as all must seek, Life's quest;
And did Love place thee in this room of Night,
To light her on to find at last the Light!

During Holy Communion the soul is merged
with Jesus Christ as a drop of water is lost in
the ocean.—Ven. Père Eymard.

From Abbey and Seminary

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnson and little son Otto, of St. Libory, Ill., and Mrs. Theodore Behrman, of St. Louis, Mo., who came to attend the ceremonies in which Sister Josina, O. S. B., took her first vows at Ferdinand on Aug. 10, likewise came to the Abbey to see Fr. Peter. Mrs. Johnson is a sister, and Mrs. Behrman an aunt, of Fr. Peter and Sr. Josina.

—Fr. Gregory enjoyed a short visit from his mother, Mrs. Peter Kunkel, of Carlyle, Ill. Mrs. Kunkel's daughter Sophie, now Sr. Meinrada, entered upon her novitiate at Ferdinand on Aug. 10. Fr. Gregory and Fr. Peter were both present at, and took part in, the solemn ceremonies.

—Rev. Frank Luebberman, class of '80, and Rev. O. Hafen, of Ft. Thomas, Ky., made their retreat at the Abbey during the third week of August. Father Luebberman has been relieved of active duty for the present.

—Father Linus, O. F. M., rector of the Franciscan Preparatory Seminary at Teutopolis, Ill., who conducted the second retreat at Ferdinand, made a short call at the Abbey in mid-August.

—Theodore Volkert, of Indianapolis, College '86-'89, came on Aug. 19 in company with Rev. Frank Wolf, of Troy, a former classmate, to pay us his first visit since college days.

—Beginning with Aug. 15, the Ferdinand "Flyer" has been meeting the afternoon trains from Evansville and St. Louis. We are benefitted especially to the extent of a second mail a day. Formerly when the mail was carried by team to Johnsburg, we received mail twice a day, but since the building of the Ferdinand Railroad, we have been reduced to one mail a day until this recent change.

—Rev. Leo Lindeman, of Troy, College '11-'16, and Rev. Eugene Luke, of Chicago, both subdeacons and students of St. Francis Seminary, were visitors on Aug. 24.

—On Aug. 17 the lay brothers enjoyed the hospitality of Father Odilo at Ferdinand. The clerics of the Abbey spent the 23rd and 24th with Father Basil at Jasper.

—Bro. Richard, C. F. X., of St. Xavier College, Louisville, Ky., and Rev. Andrew Bastnagel, class of '15, pastor at Chrisney, were among other recent visitors at the Abbey.

—Sept. 2 was the anniversary of the fire of 1887. According to custom the Blessed Sacrament was exposed from 5 a. m. until after High Mass, when prayers were offered to beg God that similar calamities in the future might be averted. This year the anniversary fell on the First Friday.

—Rev. Eugene Spiess, O. S. B., for sixteen years pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Owensboro, Ky., who has been in delicate health for some years, has at length been forced to resign his charge because of inability to perform his pastoral duties. Father Eugene has leave of absence for a year, which he will probably spend in the state of Texas. In the meantime Father Philip Bauer, O. S. B., will be in charge of St. Joseph's Church.

—Rev. John Murtaugh, class of '21, assistant at Sacred Heart Church, Evansville, and Rev. Otto Meier, class of '90, pastor at Damiansville, Ill., were guests at the Abbey early in September.

—The printing office force observed Labor Day by following the usual routine of duties, but the next day was celebrated with a picnic in the woods.

—At five o'clock a. m., on the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, Harold Walker, Aloysius Preske, and Leo Dux put off their secular dress and were clothed with the habit of the Order. During the High Mass at 7:30 the clerics John Baptist (Vincent) Thuis and Fintan (Francis) Baltz made their first vows. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thuis, of Vincennes, parents of Frater John, who were present for the ceremony, saw their fourth and last child consecrate himself to God by the vows of religion. Fathers Columban and Stephen, O. S. B., of St. Meinrad, and Sister Rose Dolores, of St. Mary-of-the-Woods, are the other three. Aloysius Baltz, a brother of Frater Fintan, who came to enter College, was likewise present.

—The fall term of school opened with Solemn High Mass on the morning of Sept. 9. The Theological Seminary has an attendance of 78, while the Preparatory Seminary has 130. Some that came unannounced were compelled, because lack of room, to return home. That we may have more room by the beginning of the next school year, work on the new seminary will be pushed. The concrete roof will soon be poured. Work on the interior will be continued all winter.—Jasper College has an enrollment of 125.

—Mr. Frank Cunningham, of Loogootee, Ind., father of Glenn Cunningham of Third Latin, died on Sept. 6. The prayers of our readers are requested for the repose of his soul.

—Rev. George Nolte, College '07-'10, for some time past assistant at St. Libory Church, St. Louis, has been appointed pastor of St. John's Church, Ladonia.

—Rev. Felix Pitt, College '11-'15, who is assistant at the old Cathedral at Bardstown, Ky., and has charge of the neighboring congregation of Chapeze, has just dedicated a new church.

—At the graduation exercises of the Catholic University in June, Rev. John C. Rager, Seminary '02-'04, received the degree of Bachelor both in Canon Law (J. C. B.) and in Sacred Theology (S. T. B.).

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